

R-16-12

# PUNCH

## COMICS

NO. 16  
10¢

HARRY A. CHESLER JR.  
WORLD'S  
Greatest  
COMICS

HE'S IN THE  
GUARD HOUSE!







**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**







# Given

## Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



**POWERFUL TELESCOPE**  
GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

**CAMERA**  
Candid type.

GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



### Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

#### 6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



#### SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated, GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

#### BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



#### HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit. Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

#### WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

#### SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



#### FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.



SEND TODAY

#### LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-537, Jefferson, Iowa**, for order to start.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State..... Gift Wanted.....

**GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-537, Jefferson, Iowa**



## New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

**DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1332, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa**

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1332, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa**.

Name .....

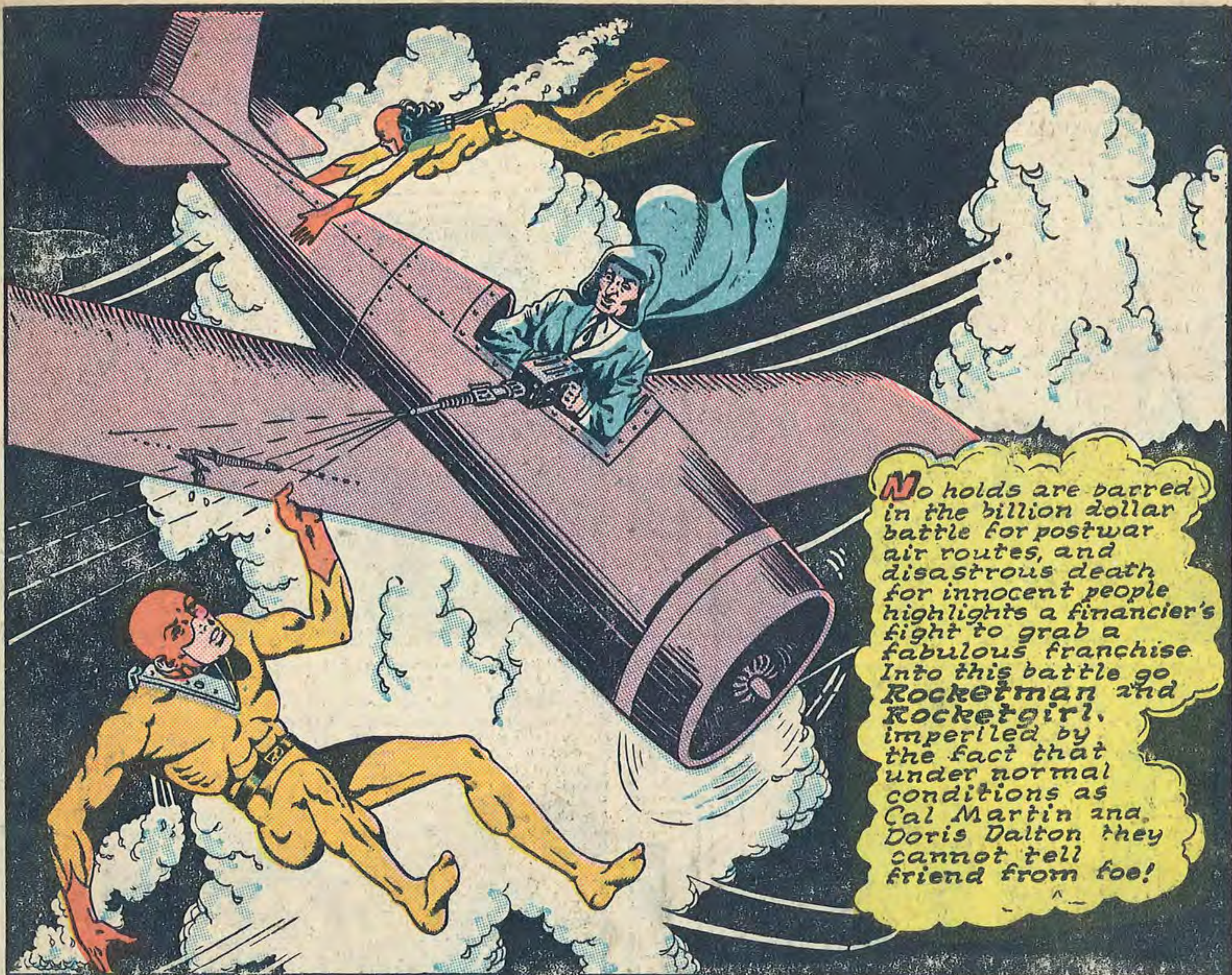
Address .....

City..... State.....

Color of Hair .....

Color of Eyes .....





**N**o holds are barred in the billion dollar battle for postwar air routes, and disastrous death for innocent people highlights a financier's fight to grab a fabulous franchise. Into this battle go **Rocketman** and **Rocketgirl**, imperiled by the fact that under normal conditions as **Cal Martin** and **Doris Dalton** they cannot tell friend from foe!



**I**n the New York office of Falcon Airways, a rival operator hurls threats--

**YOU CAUSED OUR CRASHES, SHOALS! I'LL BEAT THE TRUTH OUT OF YOU!**

**LET GO OF ME, BEMIS! I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN IN JAIL!**



**YOU'LL HAVE TO THINK UP BETTER WAYS THAN MURDER TO GRAB CONTROL OF MY CENTRAL AMERICAN FRANCHISE!**



**UH? OH, YOU! KEEP YOUR NOSE OUTTA THIS-- MARTIN!**

**AS MR SHOALS' ATTORNEY, I THINK THIS IS MY BUSINESS!**

# ROCKETMAN





DO YOU WANT TO FIGHT IT OUT HERE OR IN COURT?



YOU CAN'T WRECK SILVER AIRLINES! I'LL PUT THE FBI ON YOUR TRAIL AND BOTH OF YOU WILL WIND UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, BEMIS. GET OUT!



WHAT'S NORTON BEMIS DOING HERE?

I'LL MAKE SHOALS PAY SIX MILLION FOR MY FRANCHISE BEFORE I'M THROUGH!



BEMIS WAS HERE WHEN I CAME IN, DORIS. I HAD TO SLAP HIM AROUND.

THEN MR. SHOALS WANTS TO MAKE A CASE. I'M READY TO TAKE YOUR DICTATION!



NO, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT A SLANDER SUIT, CAL. THE PUBLIC WON'T BELIEVE BEMIS' ACCUSATIONS THAT I ENGINEERED THOSE PLANE CRASHES!

YOU--YOU'RE BACKING OUT?



BAD MANAGEMENT IS BEMIS' TROUBLE. IF HIS AIRLINE HAS ANOTHER CRASH, THE GOVERNMENTS WILL GIVE ME THE FRANCHISE!

I HOPE NOT, MR. SHOALS! ANOTHER CRASH WILL PUT THE DEATH TOLL OVER A HUNDRED!



CAL-- COULD IT BE POSSIBLE THAT YOUR CLIENT MR. SHOALS, PLANNED THE PLANE CRASHES TO WRECK BEMIS' LINE?

THAT POSSIBILITY HAS ME WORRIED, DORIS! ROCKETMAN AND ROCKETGIRL OUGHT TO INVESTIGATE!

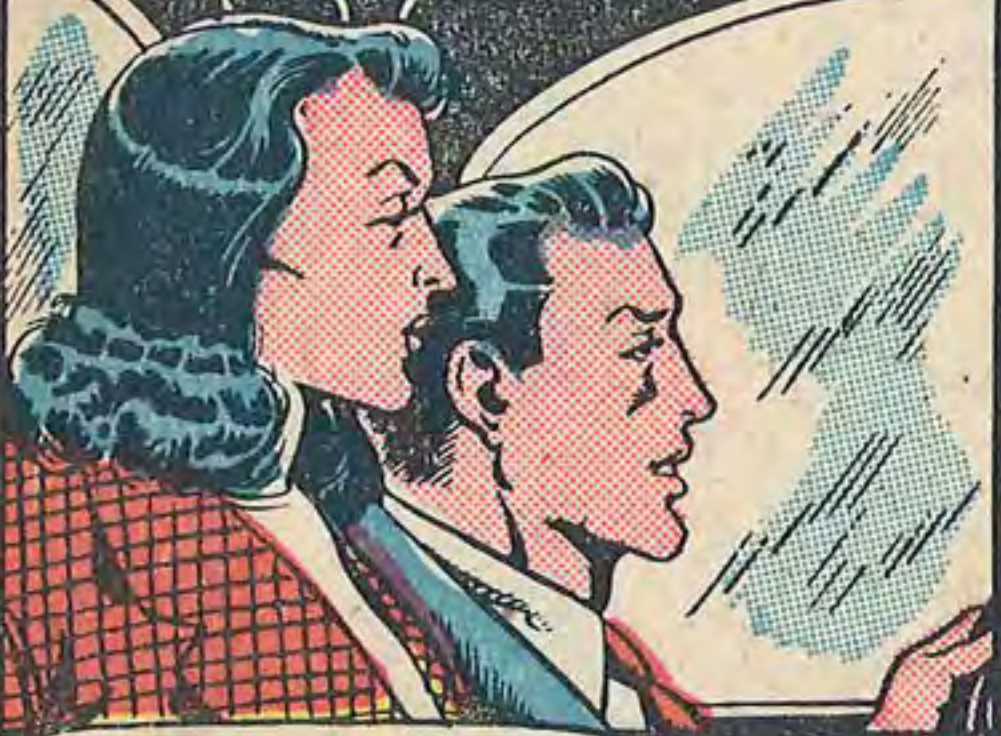
Soon after, in Cal Martin's law office, a quick change reveals the pair as Rocketman and Rocketgirl! --

I COULD HEAR THEIR VOICES INSIDE, BUT MARTIN IGNORED MY KNOCKING, CURSE HIM!

MR. SHOALS, LOOK!! ROCKETMAN AND ROCKETGIRL JUST STREAKED OUT OF A WINDOW!

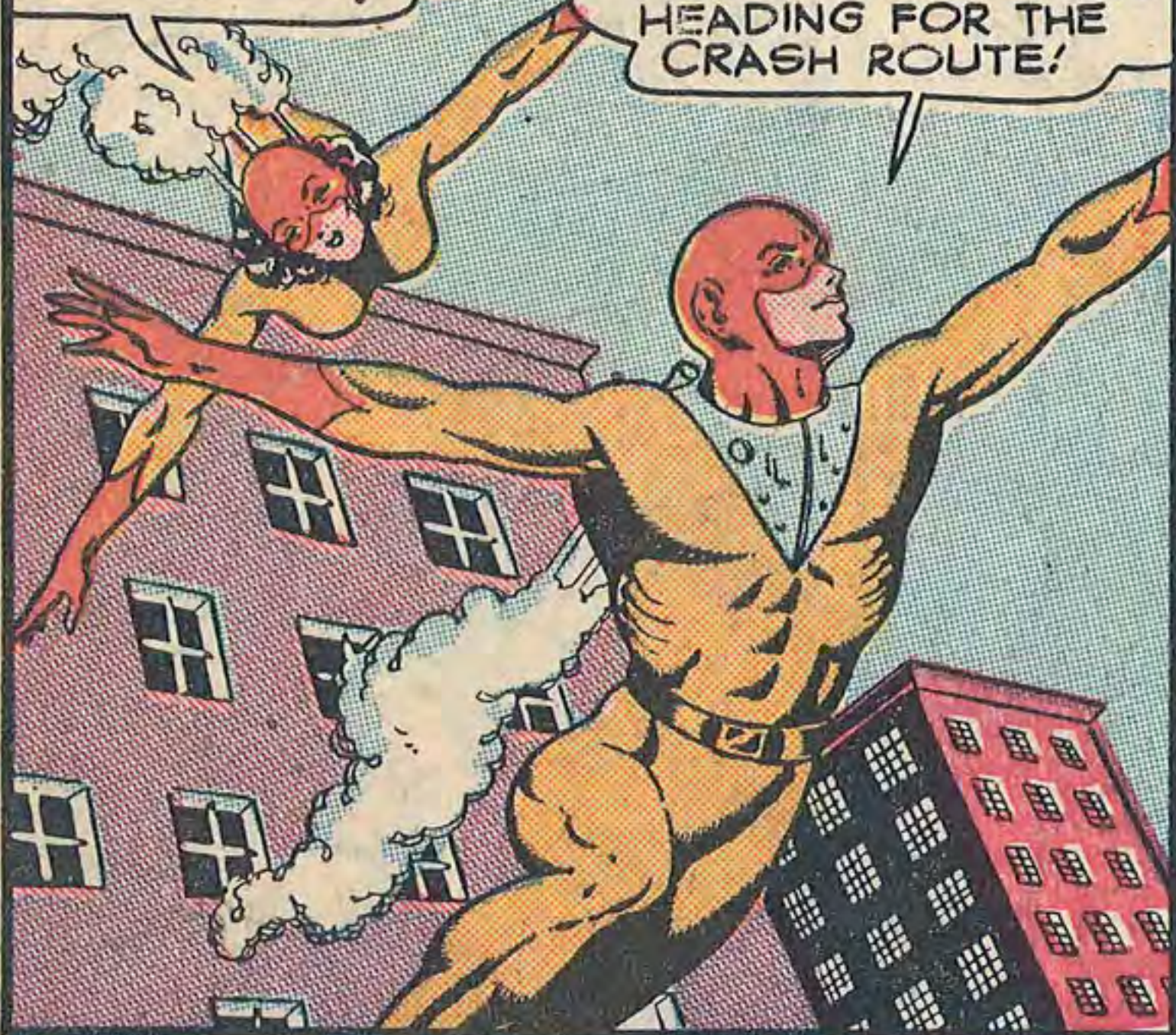
HOLD STILL! WE'LL NEED HIGH VELOCITY PROPELLANT CHARGES IN OUR ROCKET TUBES FOR THIS TRIP!

IT MIGHT PROVE FATAL TO BURN OUT OUR RESERVE POWER WAY DOWN IN MEXICO!



SHOALS IS DOWN THERE. WHAT IF HE SAW US?

TOO LATE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE CRASH ROUTE!



Norton Bemis reaches his Southern terminus ahead of the rocket duo --

I WAS GOING CRAZY WAITIN' FOR YOU, MR. BEMIS! FOLLOW ME TO HANGAR FOUR, QUICK!

WHAT'S WRONG? DIDN'T FLIGHT SEVEN LEAVE ON SCHEDULE?



LUMINOUS PAINT! SHOALS' WRECKERS AREN'T GOING TO BE STOPPED BY OUR RUNNING WITHOUT LIGHTS!

SCRAPE IT OFF AND SEND OUT THIS FLIGHT, GEORGE! I'LL FIX SHOALS!



WE'RE A HALF HOUR LATE. WILL WE REACH MEXICO CITY ON TIME?

I'M AFRAID THOSE FOLKS ARE HEADING FOR A FLAMING FUNERAL!





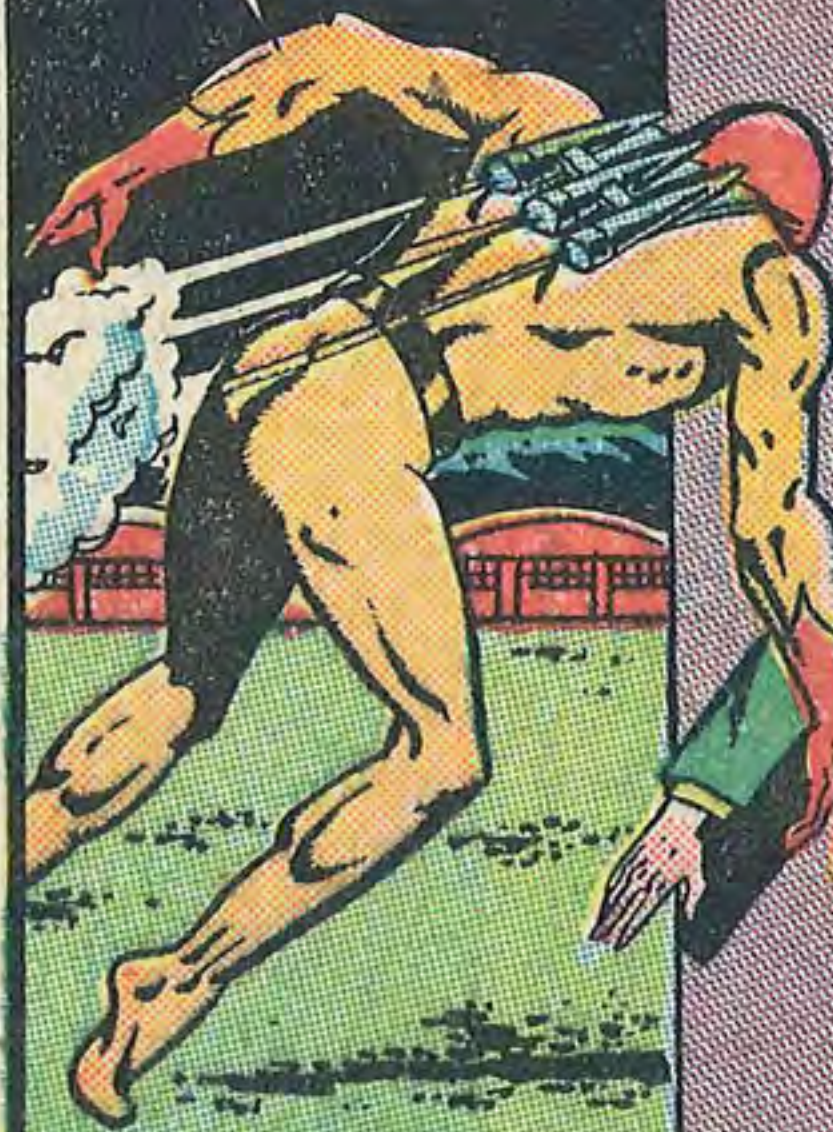
As flight seven takes off, Norton Bemis turns a fearful gaze into the dark sky--

ROCKETS STREAKING DOWN HERE! WHO--UH! ROCKETMAN AND ROCKETGIRL!



WHOA, THERE-- MR. BEMIS! I'M NOT GOING TO HARM YOU!

B-BUT I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU, ROCKETMAN!



YOU'RE NOT IN CAHOOTS WITH SHOALS--HEAD OF FALCON AIRWAYS--I HOPE!

NOT ME, MISTER! BUT I'M AGAINST WHOEVER IS CAUSING YOUR CRASHES.



PARDON ME, MR. BEMIS, BUT I COULDN'T GET THAT WIRE THROUGH TO MEXICO. A STORM BROKE THE LINES.

THAT'S OKAY, BARTON. IT WASN'T IMPORTANT!



I'LL BE DARNED! HE TOLD ME BEFORE IT WAS IMPORTANT!

THIS MESSAGE MAY BE A KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF THE CRASHES!



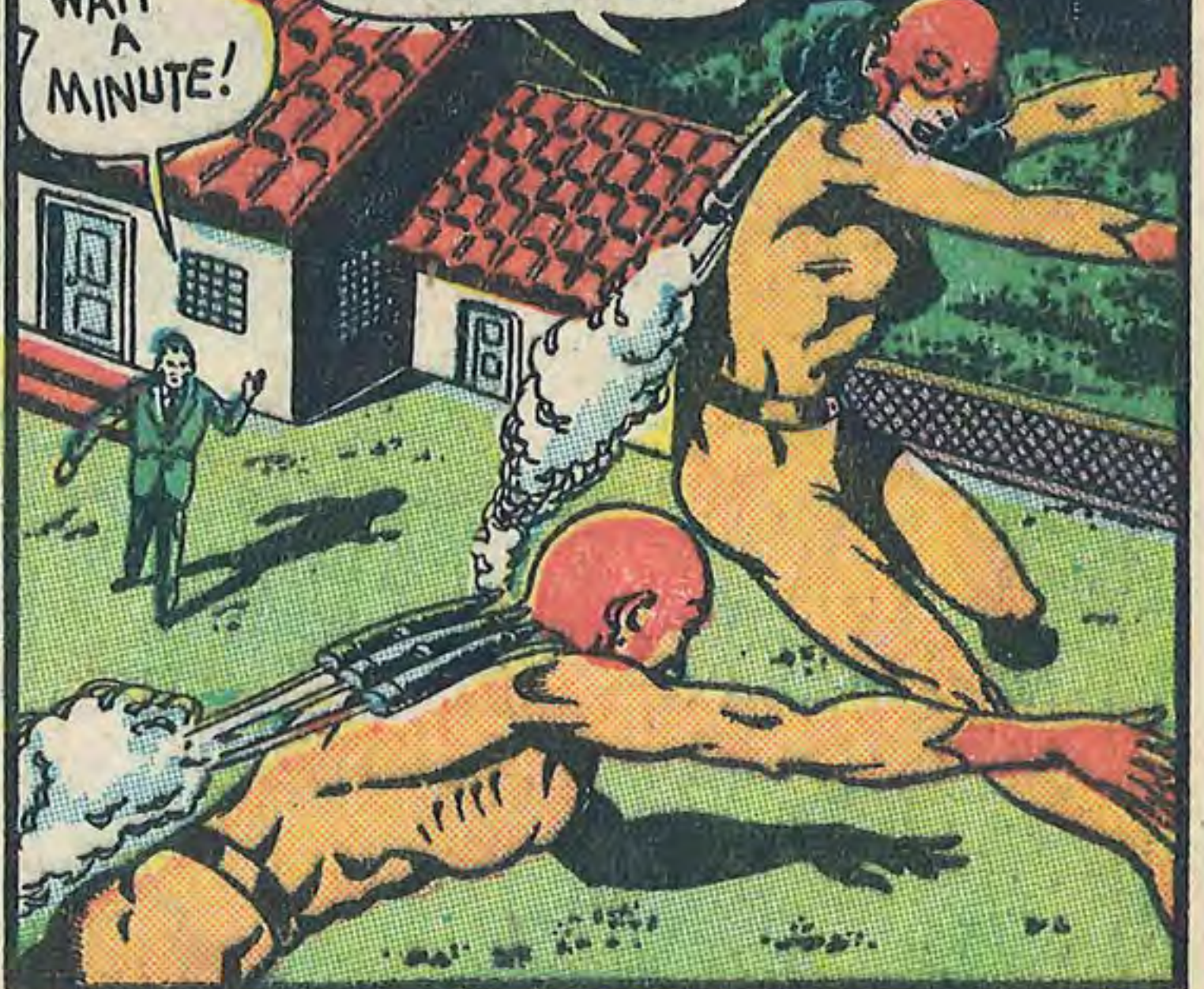
DID YOU GET IT? WHAT DOES IT SAY?

IT'S ADDRESSED TO A SENOR HERNANDEZ AT LAS PINAS. SAYS FLIGHT SEVEN ONE HOUR LATE AND WITHOUT LIGHTS!



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

WE'VE GOT TO REACH LAS PINAS AHEAD OF FLIGHT SEVEN. THE CHIEF MECHANIC DISCOVERED LUMINOUS PAINT UNDER ONE WING!







ANYTHING  
WRONG,  
MR. BEMIS?

UH, YES! I'M  
AFRAID  
ROCKETMAN  
IS THE  
WRECKER. SEND  
THIS WIRE TO  
HERNANDEZ IN  
LAS PINAS!



*Speeding ahead of  
Rocketman and flight  
seven, Bemis' wire  
reaches Las Piñas!*

**SEÑOR  
HERNANDEZ!  
AN IMPORTANT  
MESSAGE!**

HUSH, YOU  
FOOL!  
SOMEONE  
MAY BE  
LISTENING!  
GIVE IT  
TO ME!



SO! WE WILL LET  
FLIGHT SEVEN GO  
UNHARMED AND HUNT  
DOWN THOSE HUMAN  
VULTURES, ROCKETMAN  
AND ROCKETGIRL!



**NEARING  
LAS PINAS--  
AND ALL'S  
WELL!**

NO, LOOK! A  
SMALL PLANE  
IS CLIMBING  
FROM THE  
VALLEY!



*In the hideous disguise as  
Señor Muerte (Mister Death)  
Hernandez approaches his prey.*

THEY'RE COMING FOR ME! WHEN  
THEY GET CLOSE, I WILL  
PRETEND TO FLEE-- THEN  
SHOOT THEM DOWN  
LIKE CLAY PIGEONS!



WHO IS THAT  
GUY DRESSED  
UP TO SCARE?

LET'S FIND  
OUT BY  
TAKING  
HIM ALIVE!



HA--HA--HA! I CUT THE  
MOTOR SO I CAN HEAR  
YOUR DYING SCREAMS!



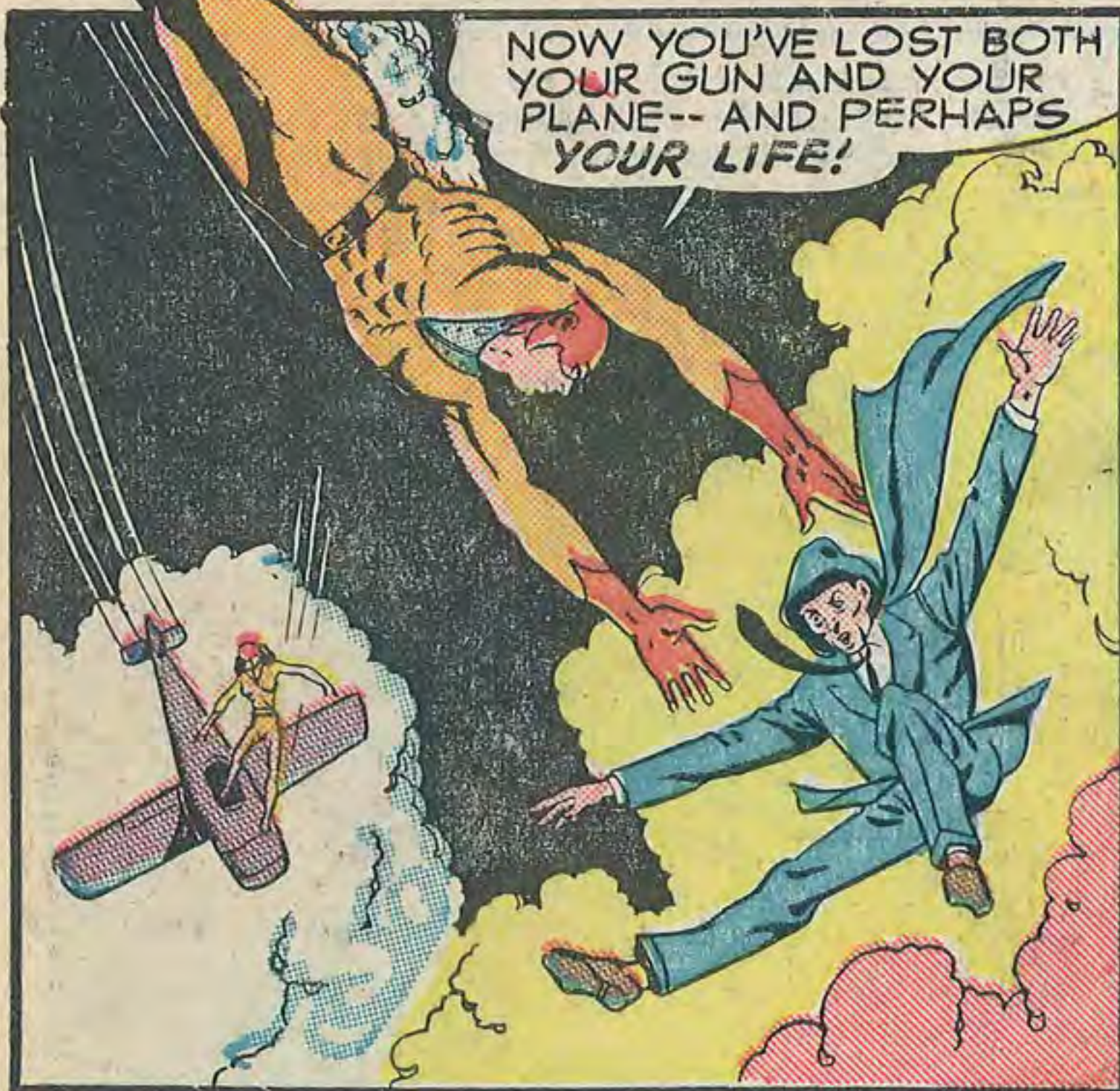


AH, SENORITA! YOU WANT TO MEET SENOR MUERTE, TOO?

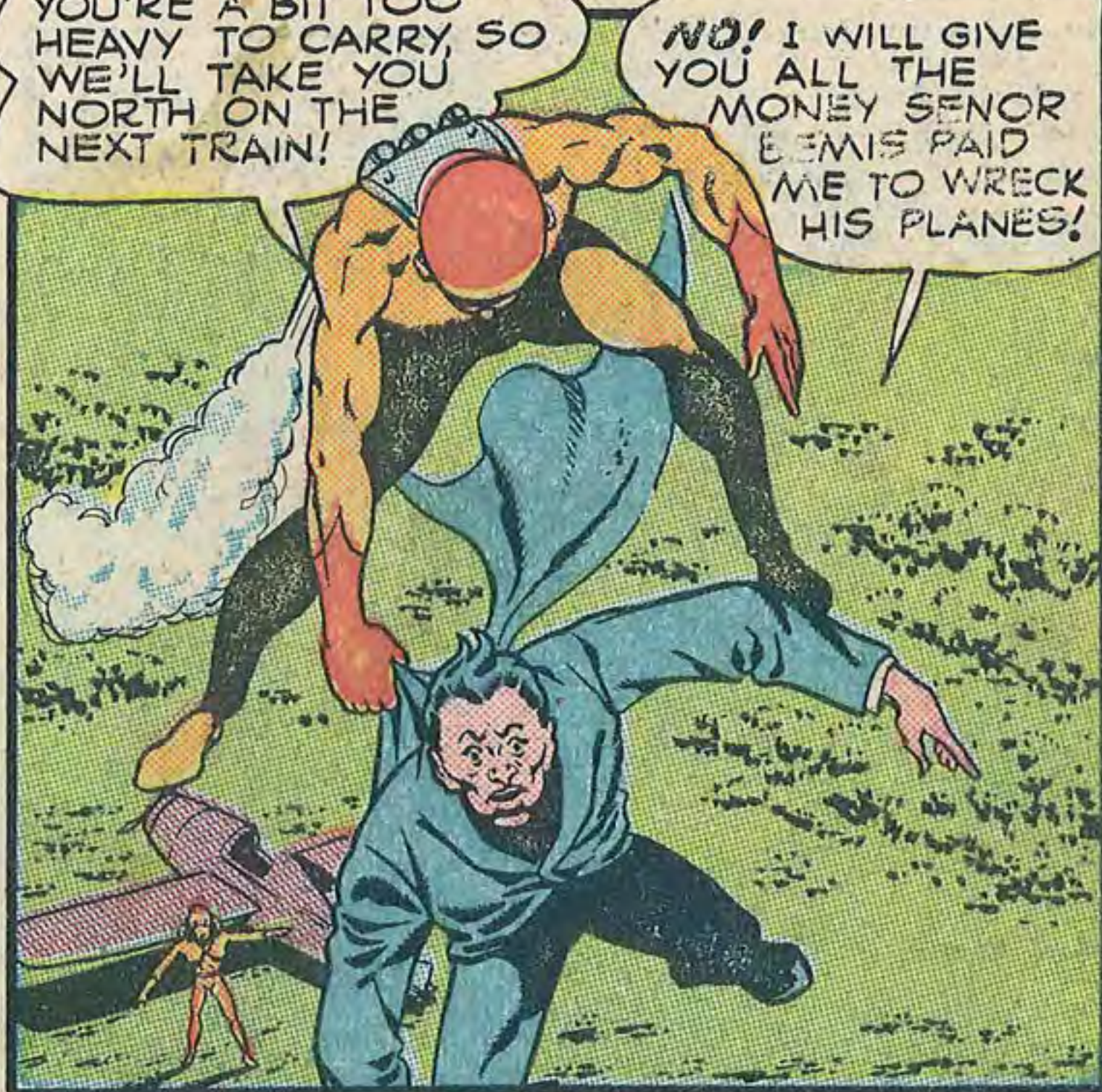


YOU'VE SHOT DOWN YOUR LAST TRANSPORT WITH THIS GUN, SENOR HERNANDEZ! BEMIS TOLD US ALL ABOUT YOU!

LET GO.. YOU IDIOT!



NOW YOU'VE LOST BOTH YOUR GUN AND YOUR PLANE-- AND PERHAPS YOUR LIFE!



YOU'RE A BIT TOO HEAVY TO CARRY, SO WE'LL TAKE YOU NORTH ON THE NEXT TRAIN!

NO! I WILL GIVE YOU ALL THE MONEY SENOR BEMIS PAID ME TO WRECK HIS PLANES!



The captors and their prisoner take the morning train for the border--

BUT WHY DID BEMIS WANT HIS OWN PLANES WRECKED?

HE COLLECTED INSURANCE ON THE LOSS, AND TRIED TO THROW SUSPICION ON MY CLIENT, MR. SHOALS.



En route to New York, Rocketman sends Bemis a wire that brings astonishing results--

WHAT? BUT YOU WIRED ME YOU'D PAY SIX MILLION FOR MY FRANCHISE, SHOALS!

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, BEMIS?

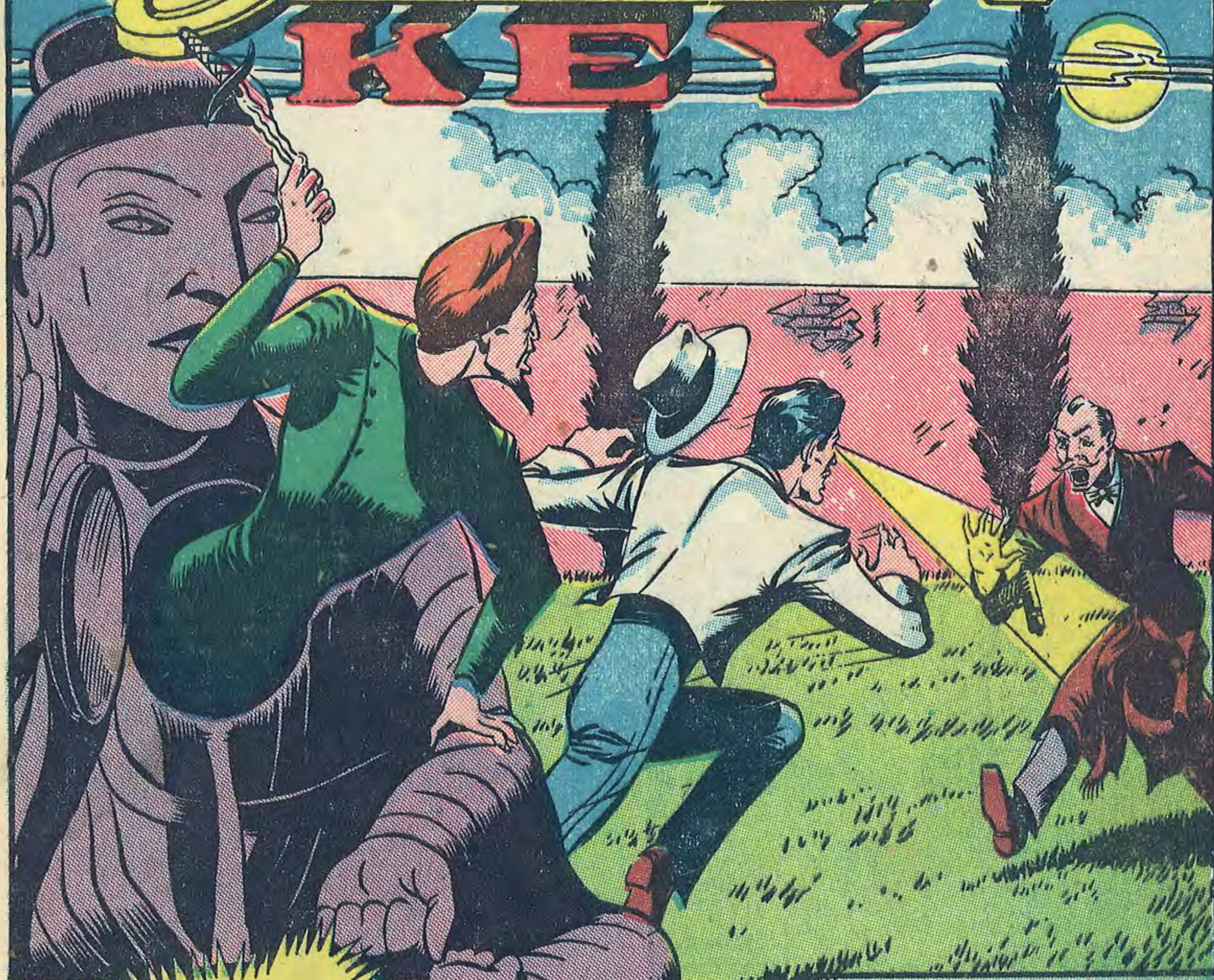


MR. BEMIS IS GOING TO LOSE HIS LIFE-- IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR WHEN HIS HIRED WRECKER TALKS!

GET YOUR HANDS UP, BEMIS! ROCKETMAN HAPPENS TO BE MY ATTORNEY! CAL MARTIN!



# MASTER KEY



**W**hat grim secret was hiding behind the frozen grin of a Hindu god? Ray Cardell, in his mysterious role as the Master Key, sensed that foul play was in the cards—but not until it was too late did he find that the joker was in the deck was his ticket to doom!

*Late one night on a San Francisco pier—*

IS THAT THE FORDYCE COMING IN NOW, INSPECTOR RAINE?

RIGHT, CARDELL! SHE'LL DOCK WITHIN FIVE MINUTES. I HOPE YOUR FRIEND—MASTER KEY SHOWS UP!





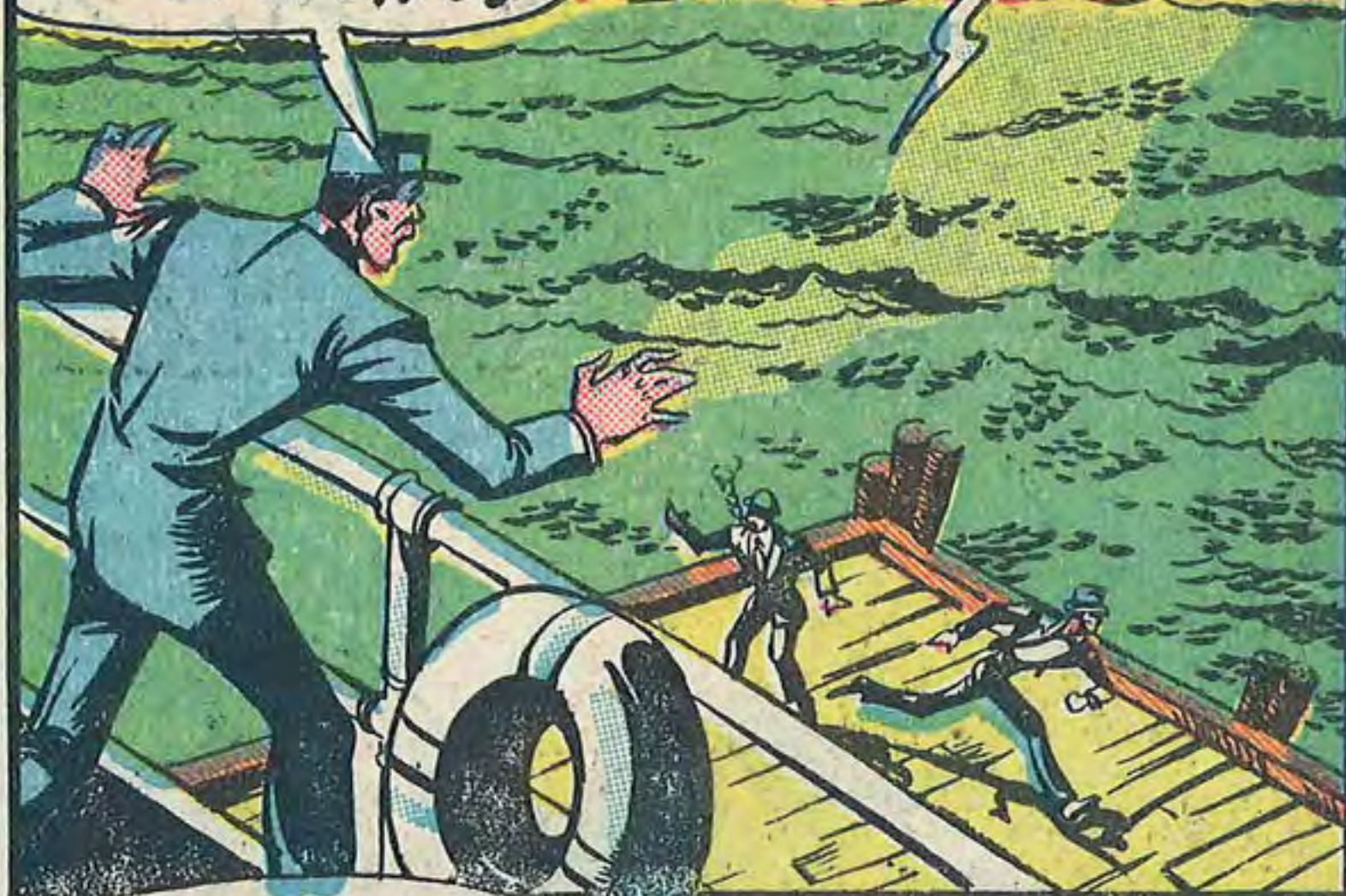
MASTER KEY WILL  
TURN UP, INSPECTOR,  
AND GIVE THAT  
BUDDHA A THOROUGH  
SEARCH--EVEN THO  
YOU MAY NOT  
SEE HIM!

I'VE A HUNCH THE  
MEN I SENT OUT  
TO BOARD THE  
FORDYCE HAVE  
ALREADY FOUND  
TROUBLE.

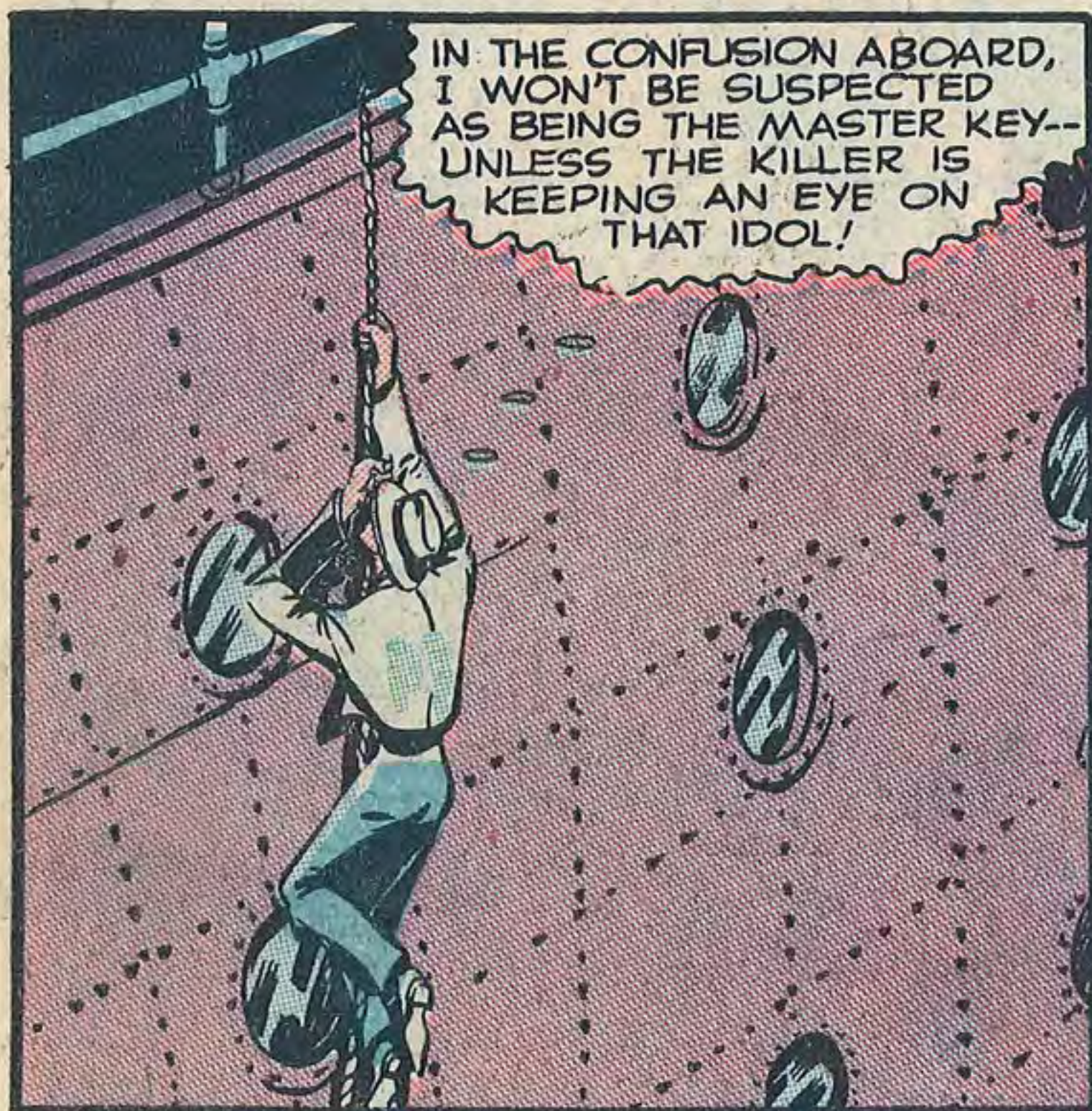


INSPECTOR RAINE!  
THE CUSTOMS  
DECLARATIONS ARE  
OKAY. NO EVIDENCE  
OF SMUGGLING--  
BUT A SEAMAN  
WAS MURDERED!

ALLOW NO ONE TO  
LEAVE THE SHIP!  
I'LL CALL  
THE F.B.I.!



IN THE CONFUSION ABOARD,  
I WON'T BE SUSPECTED  
AS BEING THE MASTER KEY--  
UNLESS THE KILLER IS  
KEEPING AN EYE ON  
THAT IDOL!



HEY! YOU CAN'T  
GO DOWN INTO  
THE CARGO  
HOLD!

YOUR CHIEF AT THE  
CUSTOMS OFFICE SAYS  
I CAN! NOW ARE YOU  
GOING TO STOP ME?



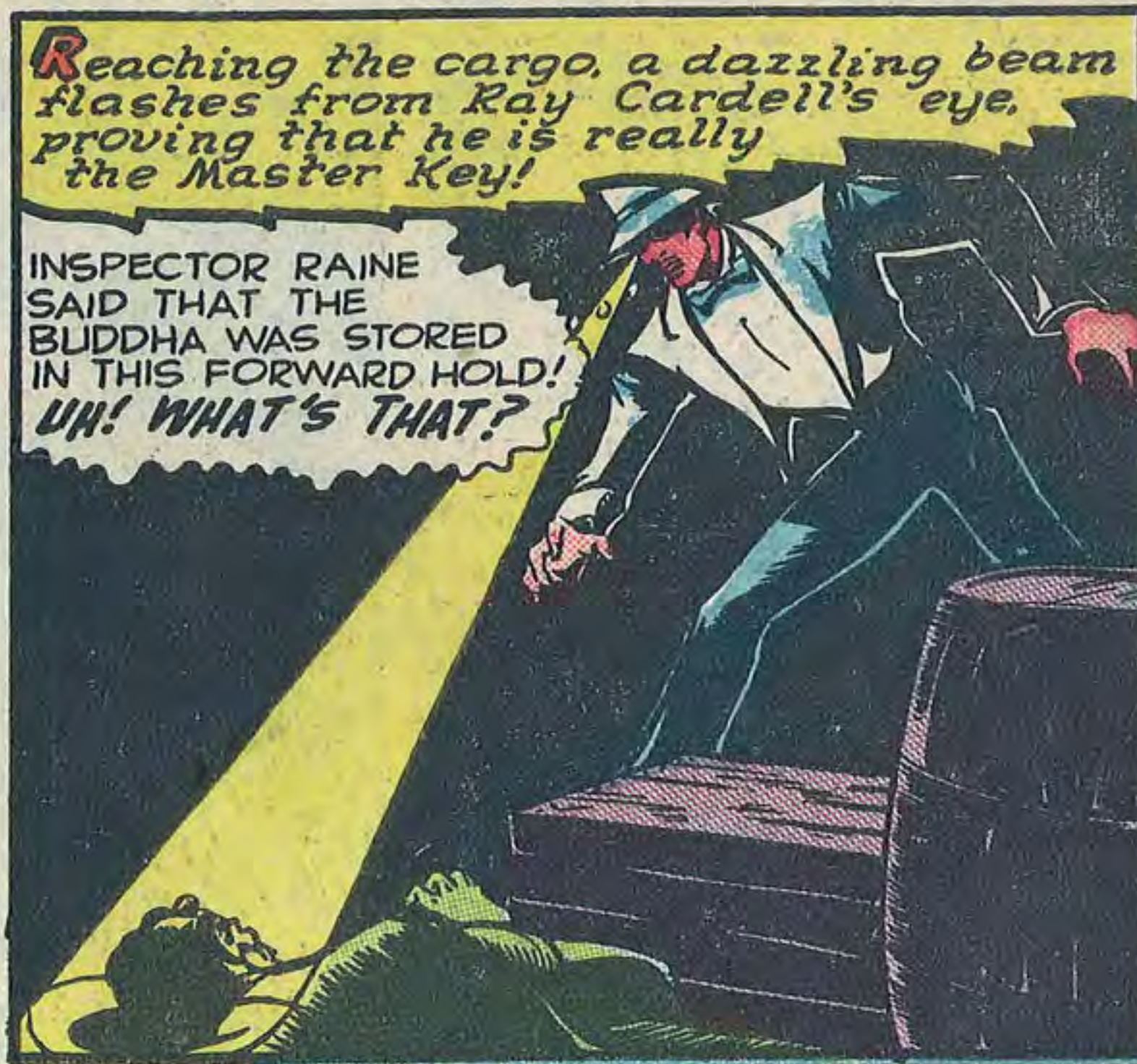
BUT THERE'S A  
**MURDERED MAN**  
DOWN THERE--  
UH, HEY! YOU'RE  
THE **MASTER KEY**--  
AREN'T YOU?

NO-- BUT I'M ONE OF  
HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS!  
WATCH THE GANGPLANK  
AND YOU MAY SEE  
HIM COME ABOARD!



Reaching the cargo, a dazzling beam  
flashes from Ray Cardell's eye,  
proving that he is really  
the Master Key!

INSPECTOR RAINE  
SAID THAT THE  
BUDDHA WAS STORED  
IN THIS FORWARD HOLD!  
UH! WHAT'S THAT?





STABBED TO DEATH WITH A BUTCHER KNIFE-- AND THE KILLER WIPED HIS FINGERPRINTS FROM THE HANDLE!



HIS EYE GIVES FORTH A STRANGE BEAM. SAHIB JOHN. WE MUST DRAW OURSELVES BACK INTO THE BARRELS UNTIL HE'S GONE AND THE CUSTOMS MEN INSPECT THE BUDDHA!

RIGHT, GURKA! WE CAN'T TAKE FOOLISH RISKS NOW!



Unaware of their presence, the Master Key probes the Hindu idol with his X-ray vision!

NO TRACE OF CONTRABAND HIDDEN IN THE HOLLOW INTERIOR. I DOUBTED THAT BARCLAY SMITH WOULD TAKE THE RISK!



FIND ANYTHING, RAY? MASTER KEY HASN'T SHOWN UP YET, EH?

OH, YES! I MET HIM DOWN BELOW! HE SAID THE BUDDHA IS OKAY, BUT SUGGESTED THAT THE F.B.I. MEN CHECK ON THE KNIVES IN THE SHIP'S GALLEY!



OH, HELLO THERE, CARDELL! I SUPPOSE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE BUDDHA I'M BRINGING IN. SORRY-- IT'S NOT FOR SALE!

EIGHTY-THOUSAND IS MORE THAN I COULD PAY, MR. SMITH. ER-- YOU CAN'T GO ABOARD RIGHT NOW. **THERE WAS A MURDER!**



WH--WHAT? A MURDER? WELL-- I DECLARE! ER-- A BRAWL AMONG THE CREW, I PRESUME!

I GUESS SO. SURELY IT'S NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, MR. SMITH. YOUR BUDDHA ARRIVED IN GOOD CONDITION!





**A** vague suspicion causes Ray to linger while millionaire Barclay Smith's strange import is unloaded--

BY THE WAY, SMITH-- I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU EVER HEARD FROM YOUR SON JOHN.

HEAVEN FORBID! THE SCANDAL HE CAUSED BY KILLING HIS FIANCEE WHEN SHE MARRIED YOUNG BRIGGS ALMOST RUINED MY BUSINESS!



SAY, INSPECTOR. DO YOU RECALL HOW SMITH'S SON MURDERED HIS FIANCEE? I WAS IN AFRICA AT THE TIME!

**STABBED HER!** BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH **THIS KILLING?** THE POLICE LOST JOHN SMITH'S TRAIL IN MEXICO TWO YEARS AGO!



**On the pier warehouse as the Buddha is weighed--**

THE SCALES AT CALCUTTA MUST'VE BEEN **COCKEYED!** THIS WEIGHS **THREE HUNDRED POUNDS MORE** THAN WHEN IT LEFT INDIA!

IT COULDN'T'VE ABSORBED THAT MUCH IN MOISTURE, BUT I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT, INSPECTOR!

THANKS FOR AVOIDING DELAY, INSPECTOR! MY TRUCKMEN WILL MOVE IT AWAY **AT ONCE!**

THREE HUNDRED POUNDS-- MMM! NOTHING WAS HIDDEN INSIDE IT, BUT BARCLAY SMITH IS IN A SWEAT TO GET IT AWAY FROM HERE!



**Ray** spends the next day at police headquarters, studying the records on John Smith's crime and disappearance. After dark, he sets forth as the Master Key!

CRIME IS A STRANGE STUDY! THE MOST INNOCENT CLUE IN THE RECORD MAY PROVE TO BE THE KEYSTONE OF THE CASE!

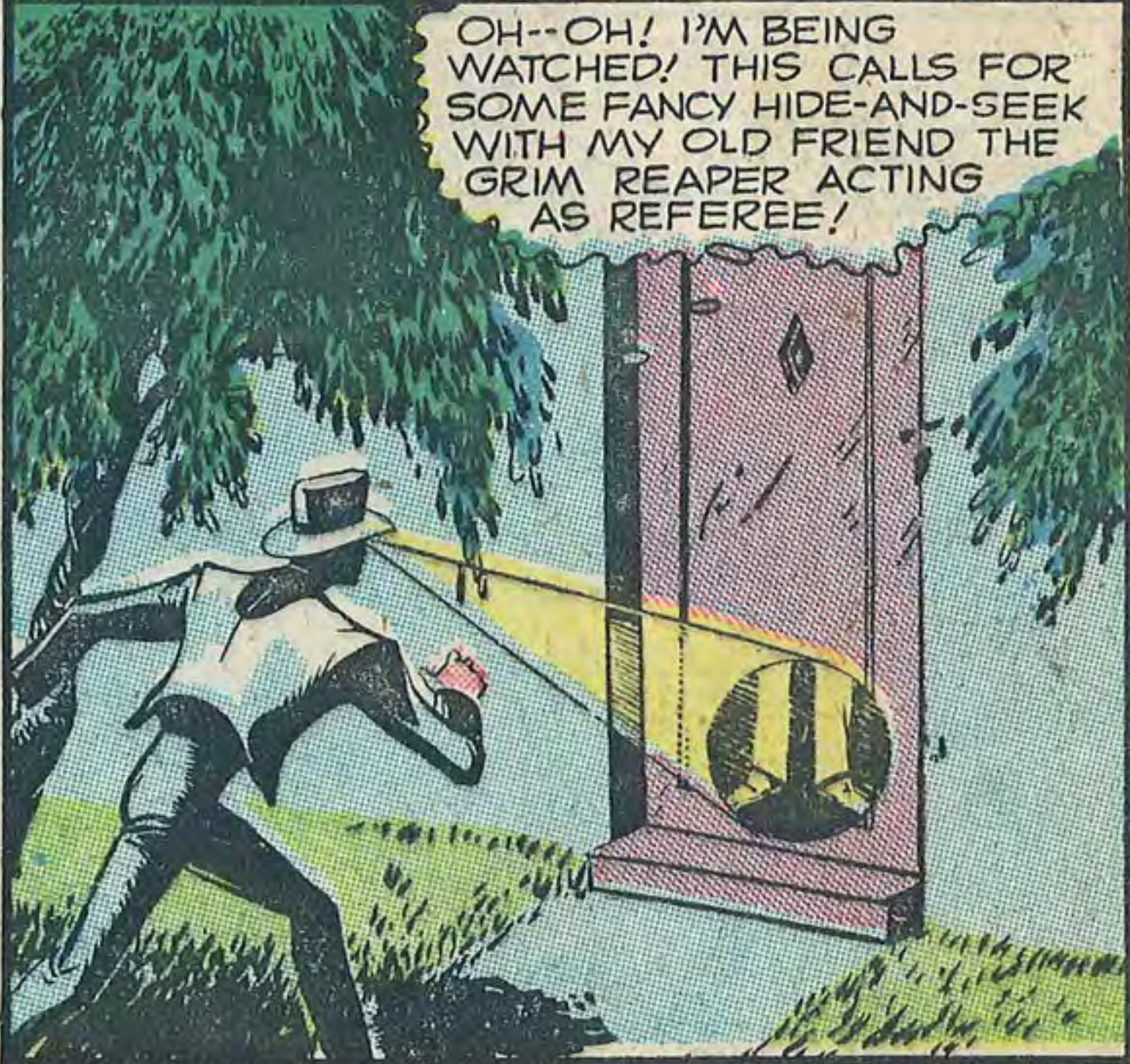


THE BOND BETWEEN SMITH AND HIS SON WAS VERY STRONG! SMITH PROBABLY AIDED JOHN'S FLIGHT FROM JUSTICE!

**LOOK-- SAHIB SMITH! A MAN AT THE SIDE GATE!**



OH--OH! I'M BEING WATCHED! THIS CALLS FOR SOME FANCY HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH MY OLD FRIEND THE GRIM REAPER ACTING AS REFEREE!





NO, I DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE, BUT HE SENT A POWERFUL RAY OF LIGHT RIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR!

**THE MASTER KEY!**  
WE'VE GOT TO KILL HIM! IF WE DON'T, HE'LL DISCOVER THE SECRET! THEN WE MAY AS WELL KILL OURSELVES!



BUT THE POLICE OR THE CUSTOMS MEN MAY KNOW HE'S HERE, FATHER!

NOT A CHANCE! HE ALWAYS WORKS ALONE! WATCH THE FRONT. I'LL COVER THE GARDEN COURT!



**A**s the Master Key slips silently through a front window--

I GOT HIM! QUICK--GURKA--TURN ON THE LIGHTS!



THAT LIGHT, SAHIB JOHN! IT IS HOT-LIKE FIRE!

BUT IT SHOWS ME WHERE HE'S HIDING! I'LL GET HIM WITH THIS SHOT!



THAT'S THE STUFF, KID! DROP THE GUN BEFORE I EXPLODE IT IN YOUR HANDS!

OOOOW! WAIT, GURKA! DON'T LET HIM GET ME!



DON'T BE IN SUCH A RUSH, MY FRIEND! YOU'RE WANTED FOR TWO MURDERS NOW!

GURKA! FATHER! HE'S GAUGHT ME!



THIS TEAR GAS BOMB WILL KNOCK HIM OUT, GURKA!

BUT, SAHIB-- WE MUST RUN TO THE GARDEN TO AVOID ITS EFFECTS!







SMITH FAILED TO REALIZE THAT MY POWERFUL EYES ARE QUITE IMMUNE TO TEAR GAS! BUT THIS GIVES ME THE CHANCE TO LEAVE JOHN FOR AWHILE!



SOMEONE JUST DUCKED BEHIND THAT BUDDHA!



READY NOW, GURKA! IF HE DISARMS ME, I'LL JOCKEY HIM INTO POSITION FOR YOU!



AAH-OH! YOU DIRTY FIEND! I'LL--

ALL YOU'LL DO IS SERVE A STRETCH FOR HARBORING A FUGITIVE MURDERER!



The creak of hinges causes Master Key to whirl about--

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! CARELESS OF ME NOT TO HAVE DISCOVERED HOW YOU AND JOHN STOWED AWAY ON THE SHIP!

EYAH! THE SACRED DAGGER FAILS ME!



A VERY CLEVER JOB! NOW YOU WILL MARCH BACK TO THE HOUSE AND PERSUADE JOHN TO SURRENDER!

WAS THAT A SHOT? ER, UH, YES, MASTER KEY! I MUST ADMIT WE'RE LICKED!



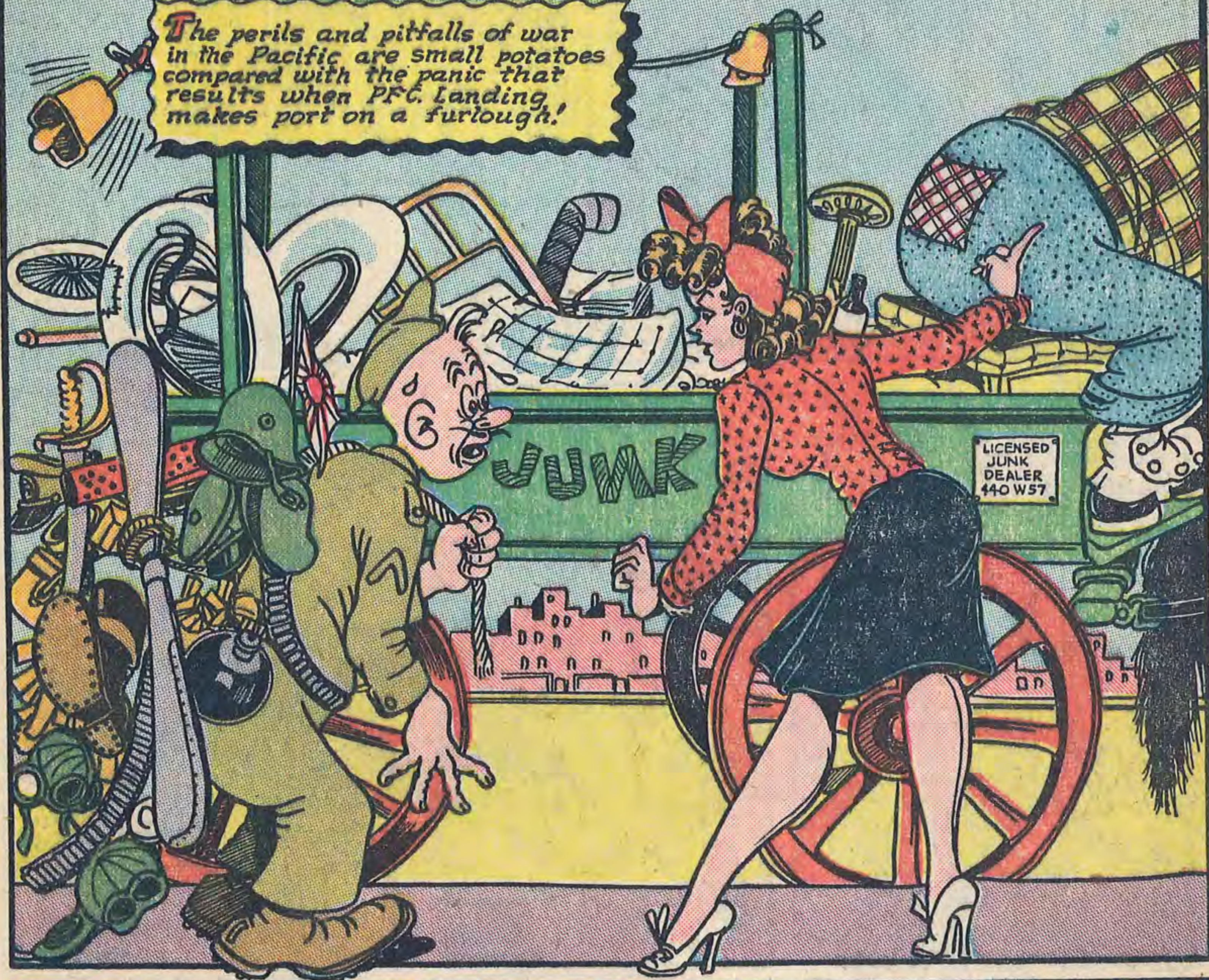
JOHN-- HE KILLED HIMSELF! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TRIED TO BRING HIM HOME!

YES. I'M SURE THE HOMICIDE SQUAD WILL BE VERY DISAPPOINTED!



# HAPPY LANDING

The perils and pitfalls of war in the Pacific are small potatoes compared with the panic that results when PFC. Landing makes port on a furlough!



An army transport arrives from Australia--

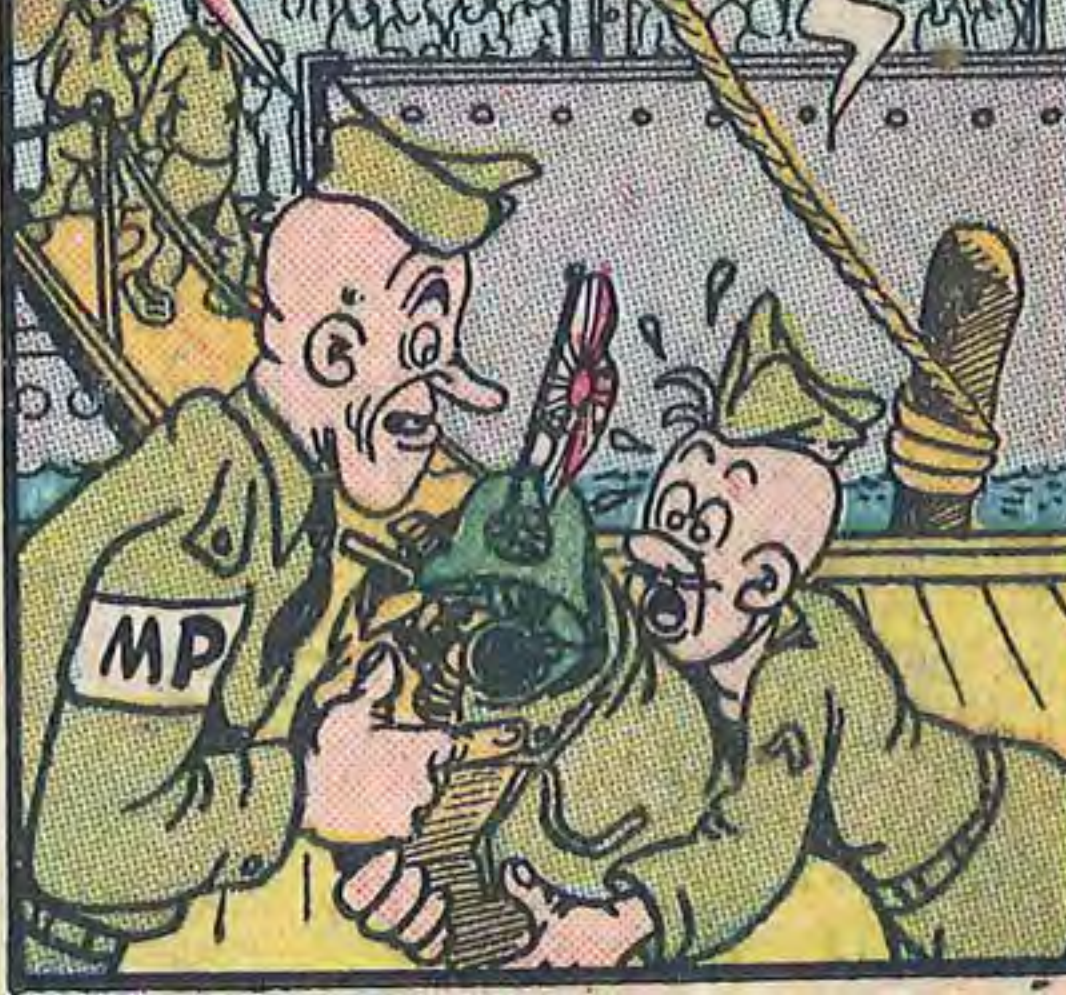
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I WUZ EXPECTIN' A FIFTY PIECE BRASS BAND TO MEET US!

AIN'T YOU HEP TO THE HOME-FRONT NEWS, HAPPY? THERE'S NOT ONLY A MANPOWER SHORTAGE BUT A SCARCITY OF BRASS!

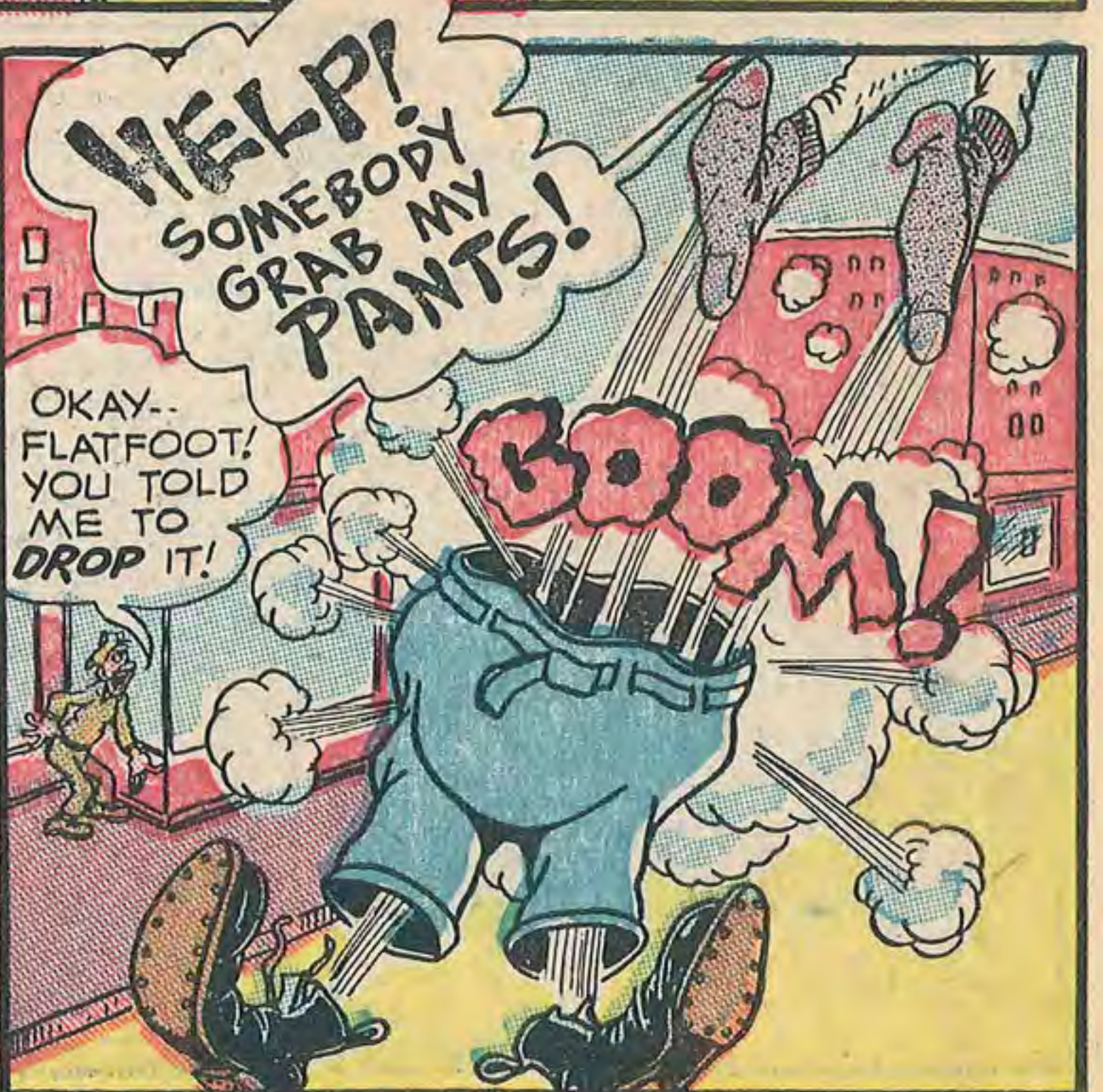
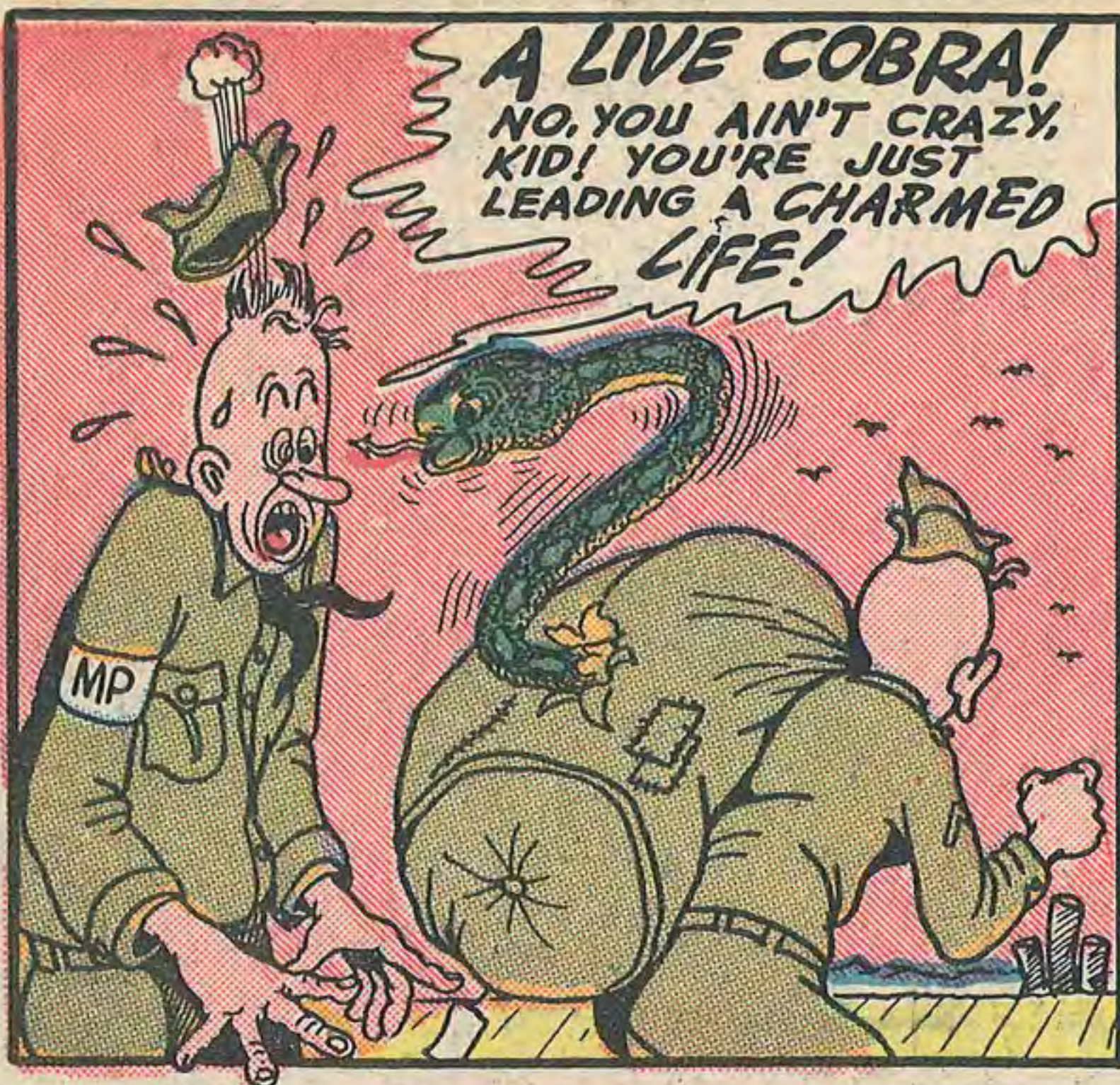
YEAH-- SINCE THE MILITARY MILLINERS STARTED MAKING HATS OUT OF THE STUFF!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY LIVE BOMBS, LIVE WIRES OR LIVESTOCK IN THAT PACK OF SOUVENIRS, HAVE YOU, KID?

OF COURSE NOT! YOU THINK I'M CRAZY?



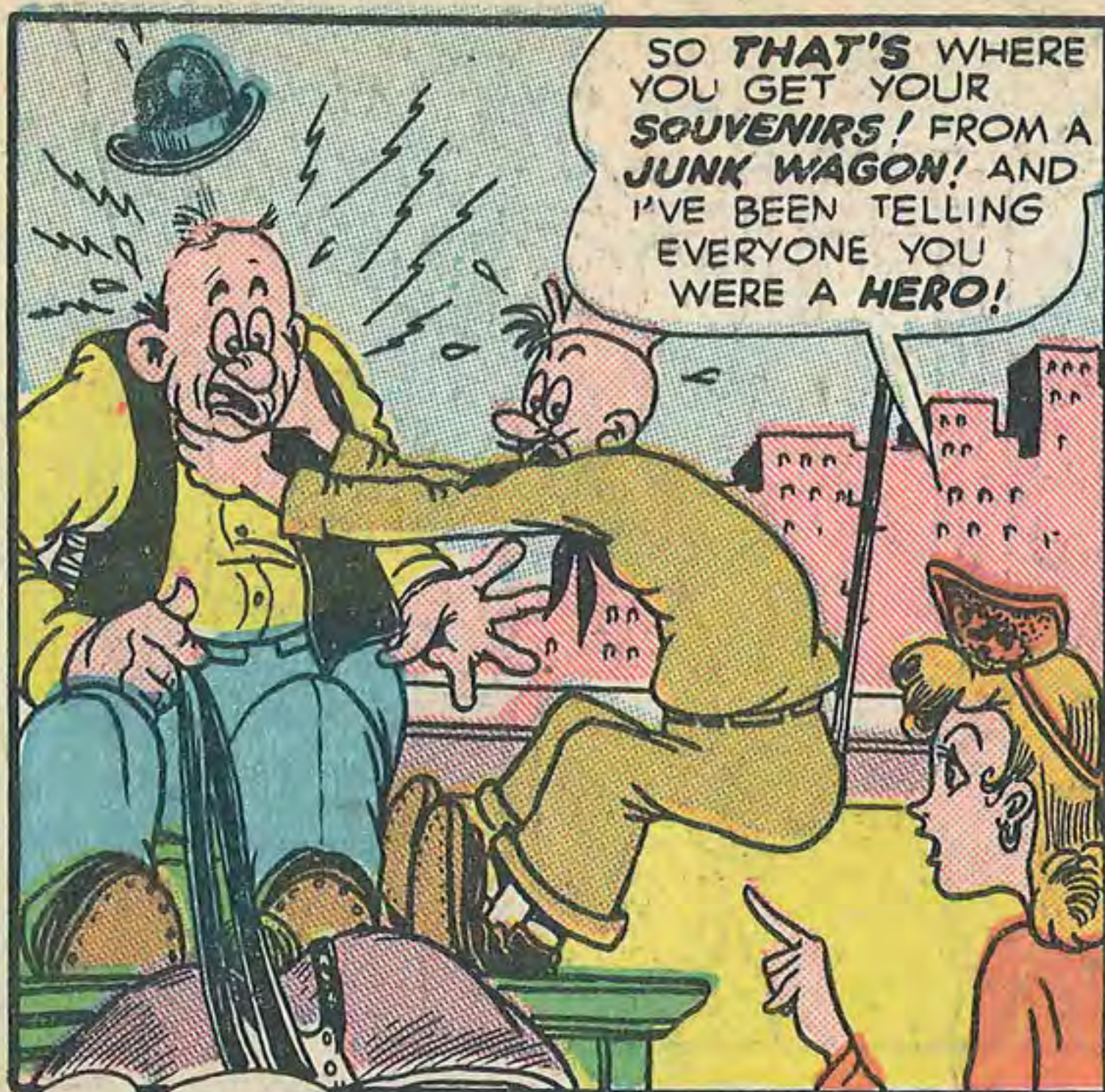




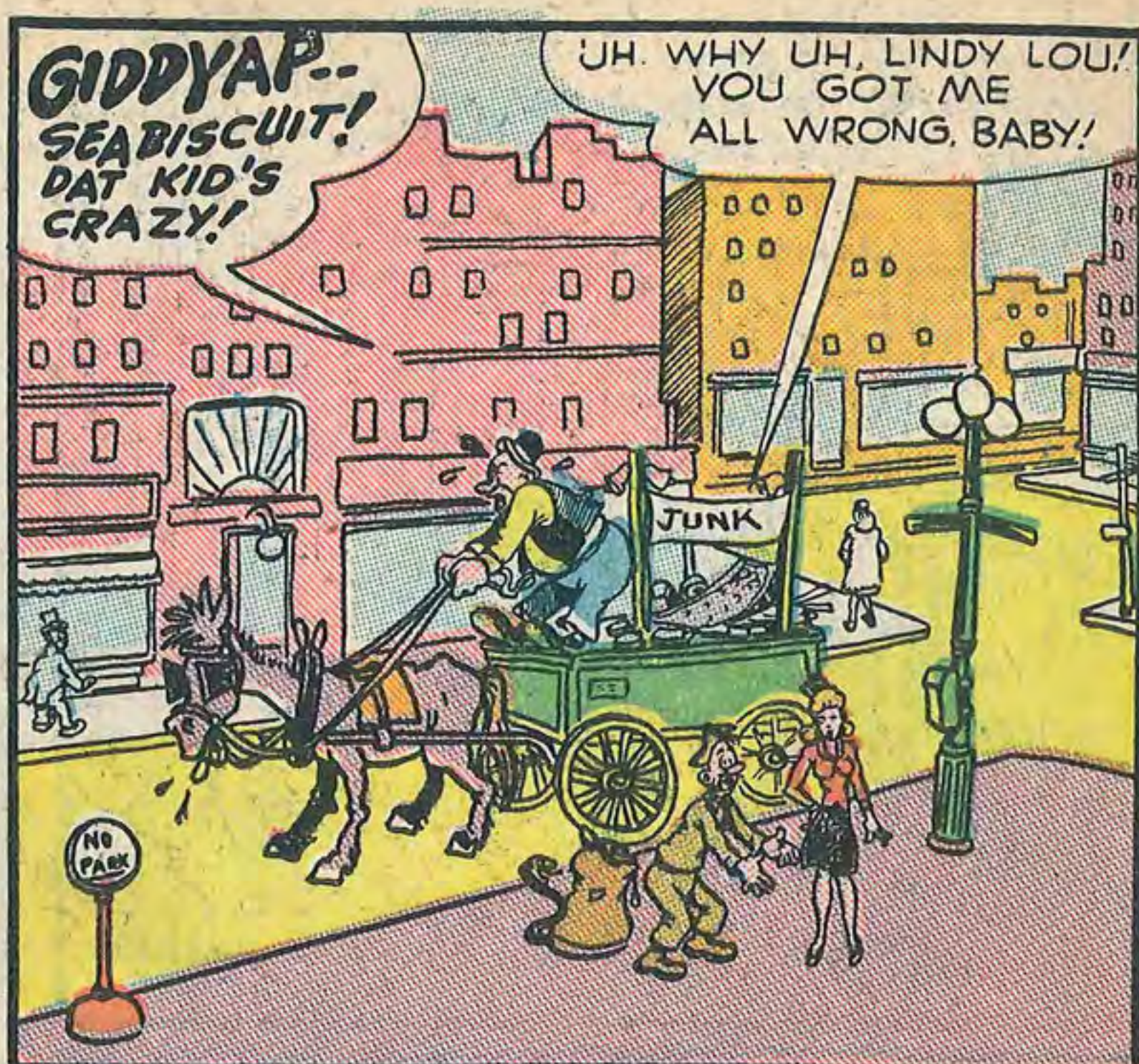








SO THAT'S WHERE YOU GET YOUR **SOUVENIRS!** FROM A **JUNK WAGON!** AND I'VE BEEN TELLING EVERYONE YOU WERE A **HERO!**



**GIDDYAP.. SEABISCUIT! DAT KID'S CRAZY!**

UH. WHY UH, LINDY LOU! YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, BABY!



**So-- YOU** SHOT DOWN SEVENTEEN ZEROS? YOU WIPED OUT FIVE JAP MACHINE-GUN NESTS **SINGLE-HANDED?**

WHY, ER, **SURE!** DON'TCHA READ THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE **COMIC BOOKS?**



**Bar and Grill**

ENTRANCE

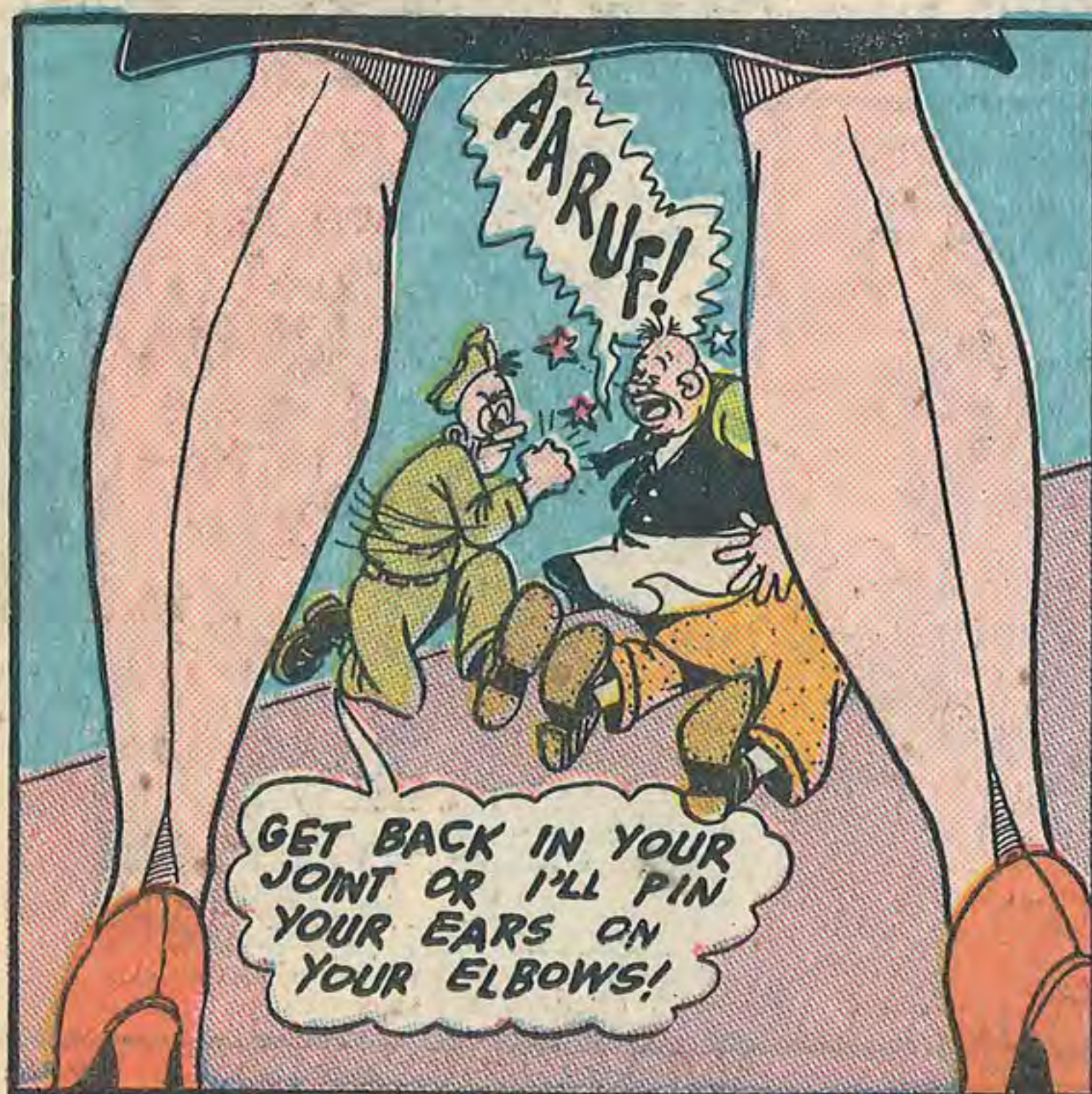
DAT JOIK MOLESTIN' YUH, LINDY LOU, HUH? I'LL ROLL HIM OVER A **BARREL!**

**UNCLE JOE!**



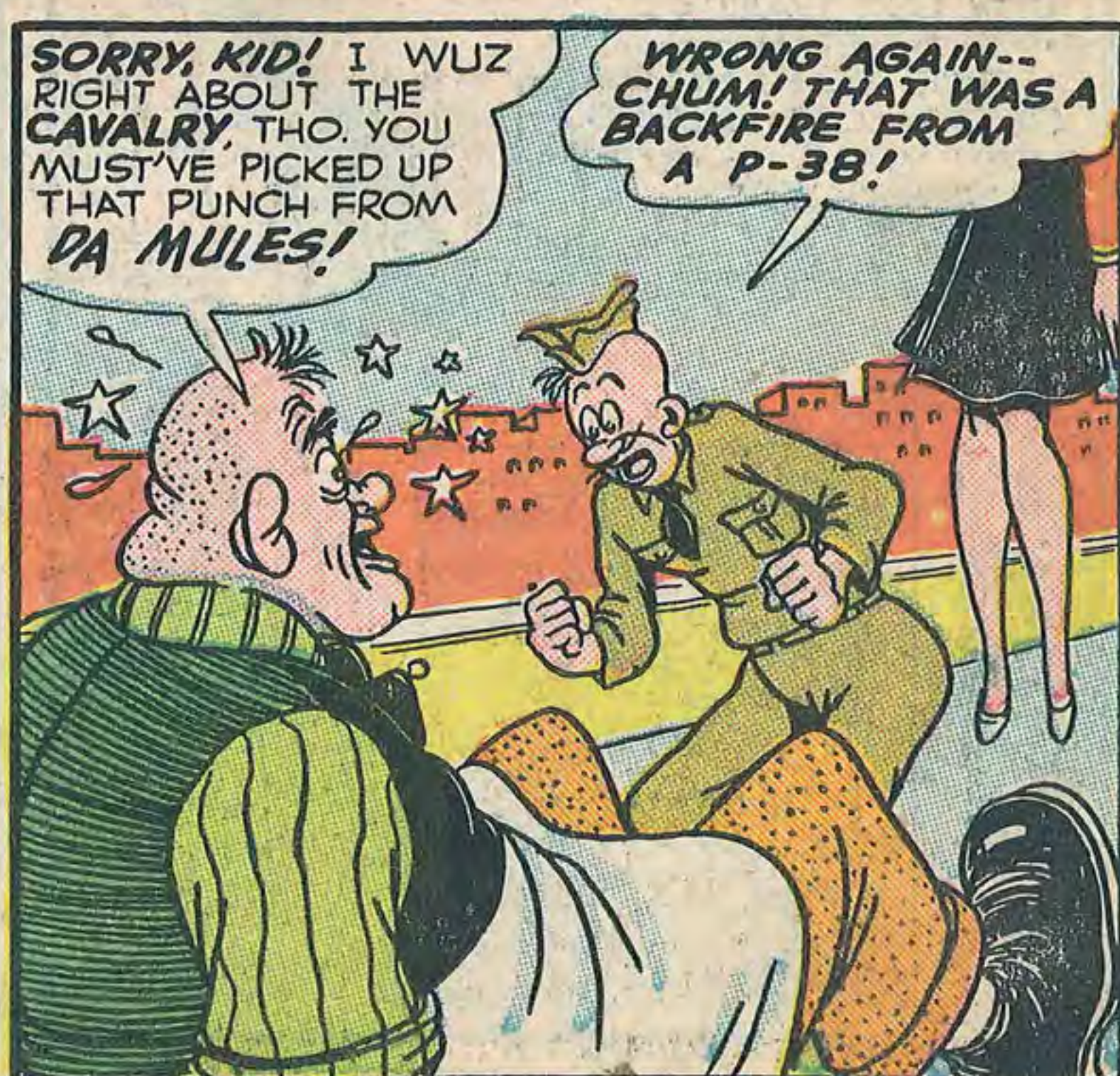
ONE OF DEM KITCHEN CAVALRY CLUCKS WEARIN' PHONY CAMPAIGN RIBBONS, HUH?

**MISTER-- YOU'RE FLIRTING WITH DEATH!**



**AARUF!**

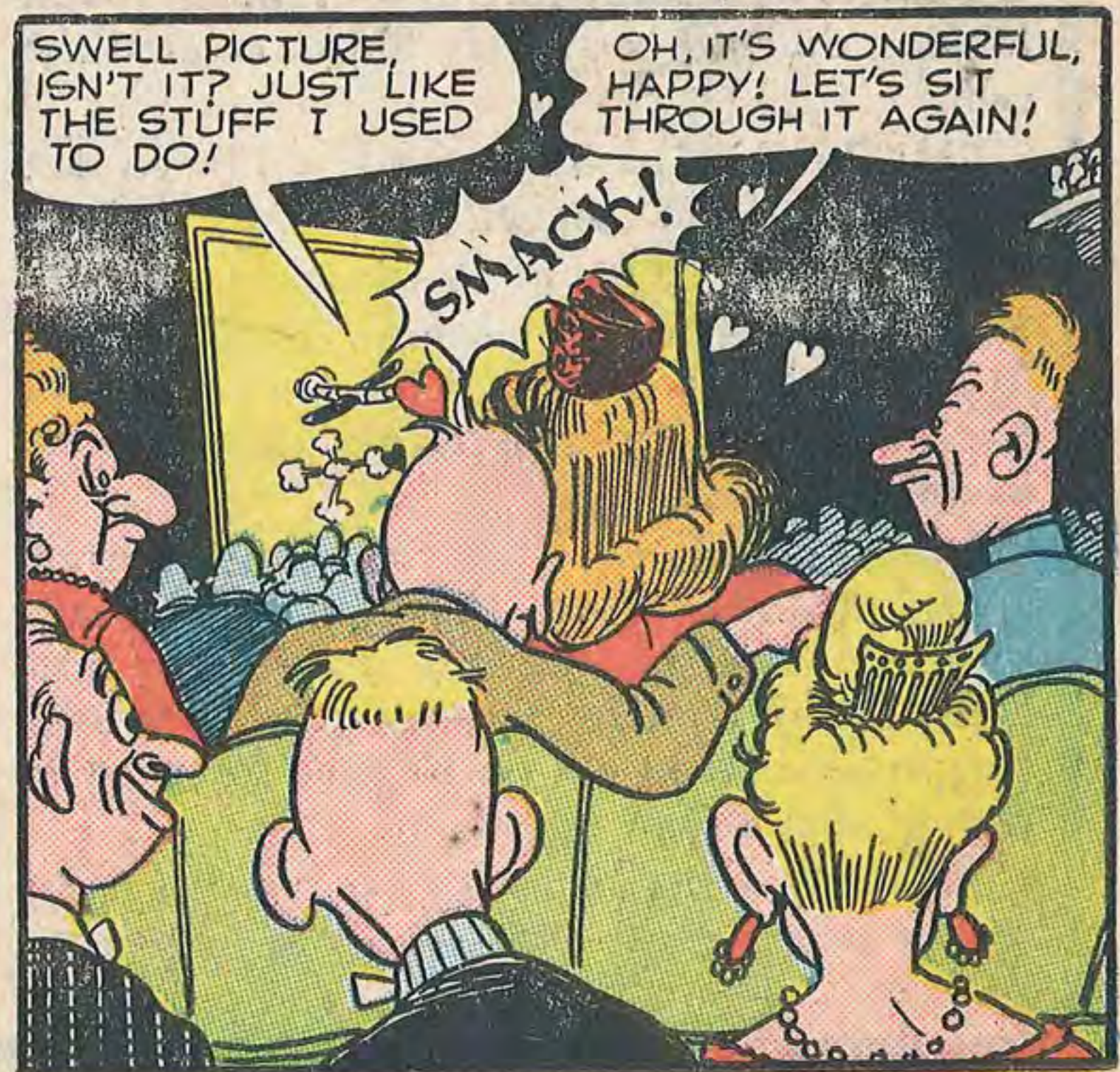
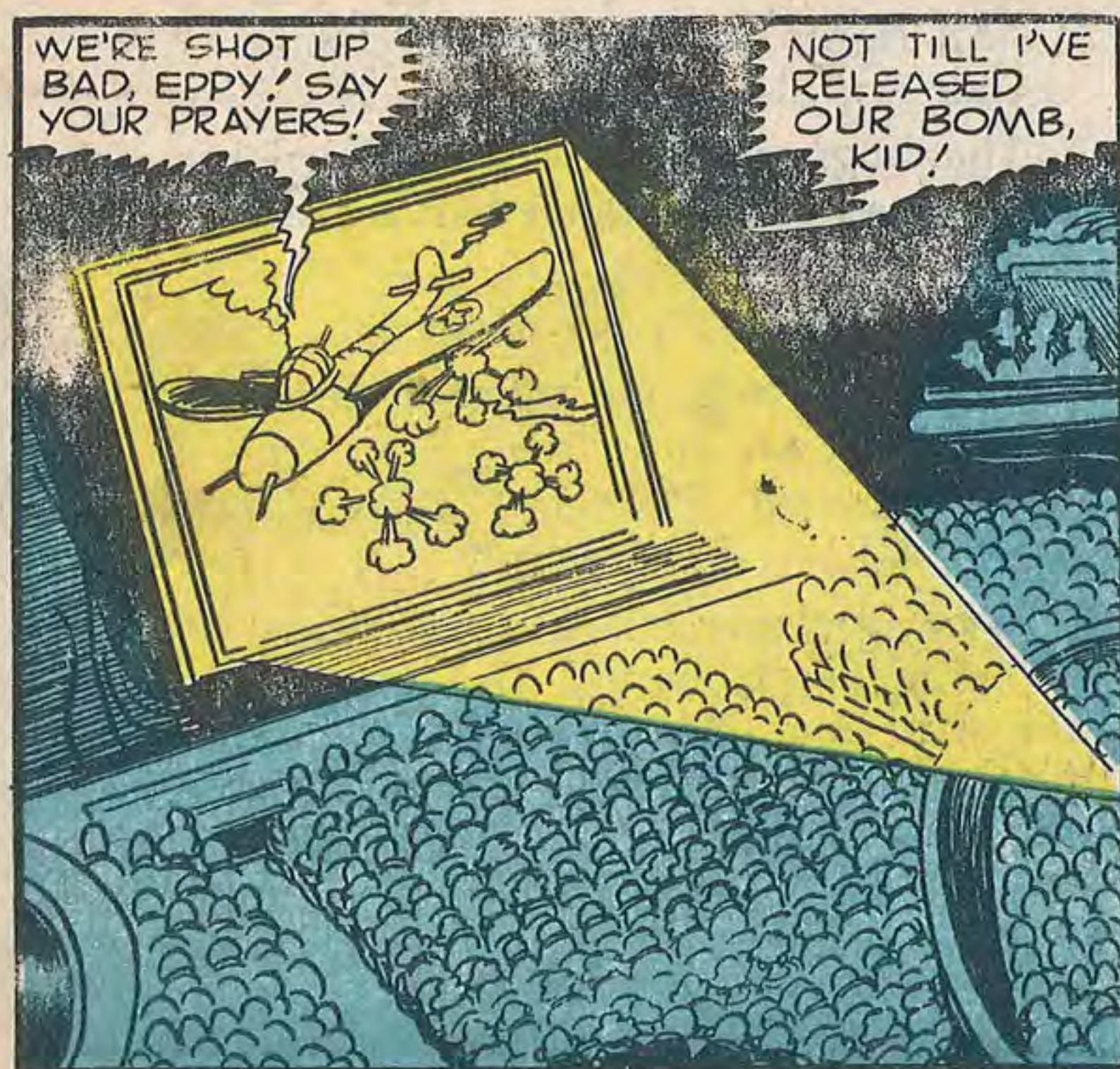
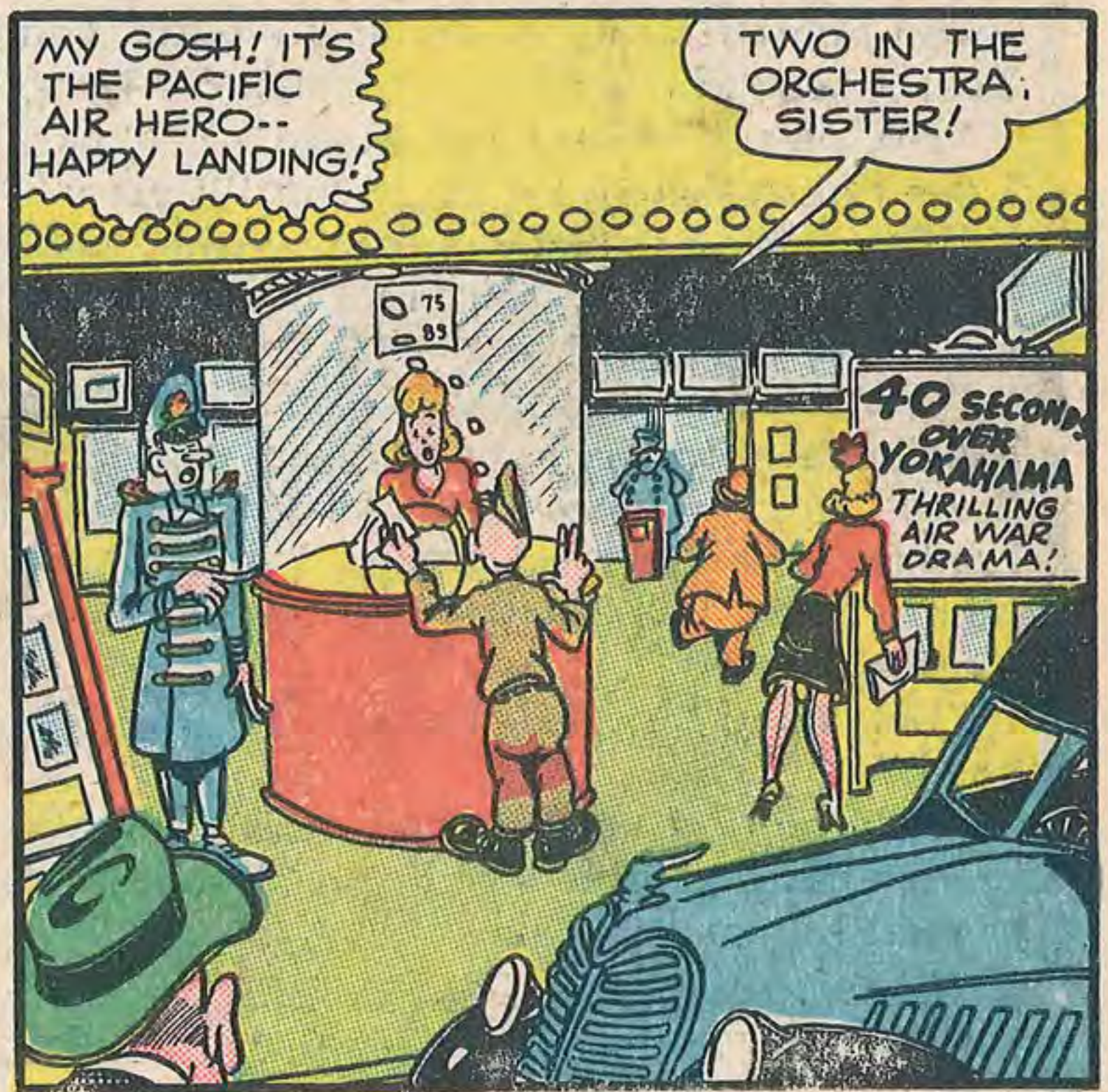
GET BACK IN YOUR JOINT OR I'LL PIN YOUR EARS ON YOUR ELBOWS!



**SORRY, KID!** I WUZ RIGHT ABOUT THE CAVALRY, THO. YOU MUST'VE PICKED UP THAT PUNCH FROM **DA MULES!**

**WRONG AGAIN-- CHUM! THAT WAS A BACKFIRE FROM A P-38!**







# LOAN SHARK BAIT

## THE CRIME WAS TAILORED TO LOU TOKA'S MEASURE.

As Harry Regan entered the loan office, Louis Toka started to rise from his chair behind the flat-topped desk. Then he sat down and composed himself. His lips spread in a thin line across his face.

"You promised not to put that check through," Regan said. "I paid you fifty percent more to have you hold it because I needed money for my brother's operation."

"Do you have that in writing?" Toka snarled.

Regan's fist flashed across the desk. Toka sank back in his chair. When he rose again he had his hand in the top drawer of his desk.

"No you don't!" yelled Regan.

But as Regan came around the desk he found himself facing an automatic pistol, and Toka was reaching for the telephone.

"No, please!" whispered Regan. "I'll pay. I don't know where I'll get it, but I'll get it."

"The check I cashed was for one-fifty," said Toka evenly. "The payment I'll accept now will be five hundred!"

"Five hundred!" gasped Regan. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow. He went on weakly. "I have another brother. We don't get along. I didn't want him to know. He'll pay if I tell him. But—" Regan hesitated.

"But what?" rasped Toka. "It better be good."

"He's quite a stuffed shirt. He wouldn't be seen having business with you. You'll have to meet him at my cabin."

"Okay, Regan. Phone him to bring the cash. I'll meet you at the cabin tonight."

Toka was already there with three tough looking thugs, when Harry Regan entered the cabin.

"My brother hasn't arrived? I'll go out and look for him," Regan said.

"Oh, yeah?" One of the thugs held a gun waist level, aimed at Regan. "You'll come in and wait here. And if he don't arrive in five minutes, we're collecting a little interest in advance."

Harry Regan raised his hands and strode across the cabin floor. The three thugs advanced toward him. Toka stood as he had been, his eyes on his wrist watch. Beads of perspiration stood out on Regan's forehead as the minutes ticked by.

Suddenly a thug's fist shot out and caught Regan in the teeth. He cried out in pain as

he went to the floor. He rose slowly, unsteadily. The thug stood over him.

With a lightning move Regan's arm came up and caught the thug's gun. It sailed across the room and crashed through the window. The two other thugs lunged in fast, their own guns leveled. Regan shoved the first thug against them. They went backward off balance. Regan sprang on them like a panther, snatched their guns away, tossed them after the first thug's gun.

The first crook locked an arm about Regan's neck and Harry Regan twisted his back, threw the crook over his shoulder. The other two sidestepped. One caught Regan on the jaw. His head spun, but he bored in. He shot a right to the midriff of one, as his companion raised a foot and caught Regan in the groin. Regan sank down and Toka came forward.

"That's enough for the moment," he said. "You realize we're not bluffing, Regan. Of course, we'd much rather keep this strictly legal."

"Listen," puffed Regan, breathing hard. "There's Ben."

A man entered and appraised the situation through half-shut eyes. "Was this necessary?" he asked, looking at Harry on the floor. "I'm sorry, but I was detained."

"A slight misunderstanding," Toka put in calmly. "Your brother needs persuasion sometimes. Now that you're here, perhaps we can do business."

Toka smiled as Ben Regan handed him the money. He turned over the protested checks to Harry. But his smile disappeared when he saw the gun Ben Regan was pointing at him.

"All right, Toka," said Ben calmly. "This is your last filching."

The thugs rushed forward, but were brought up short as Harry whipped an automatic from his shoulder holster.

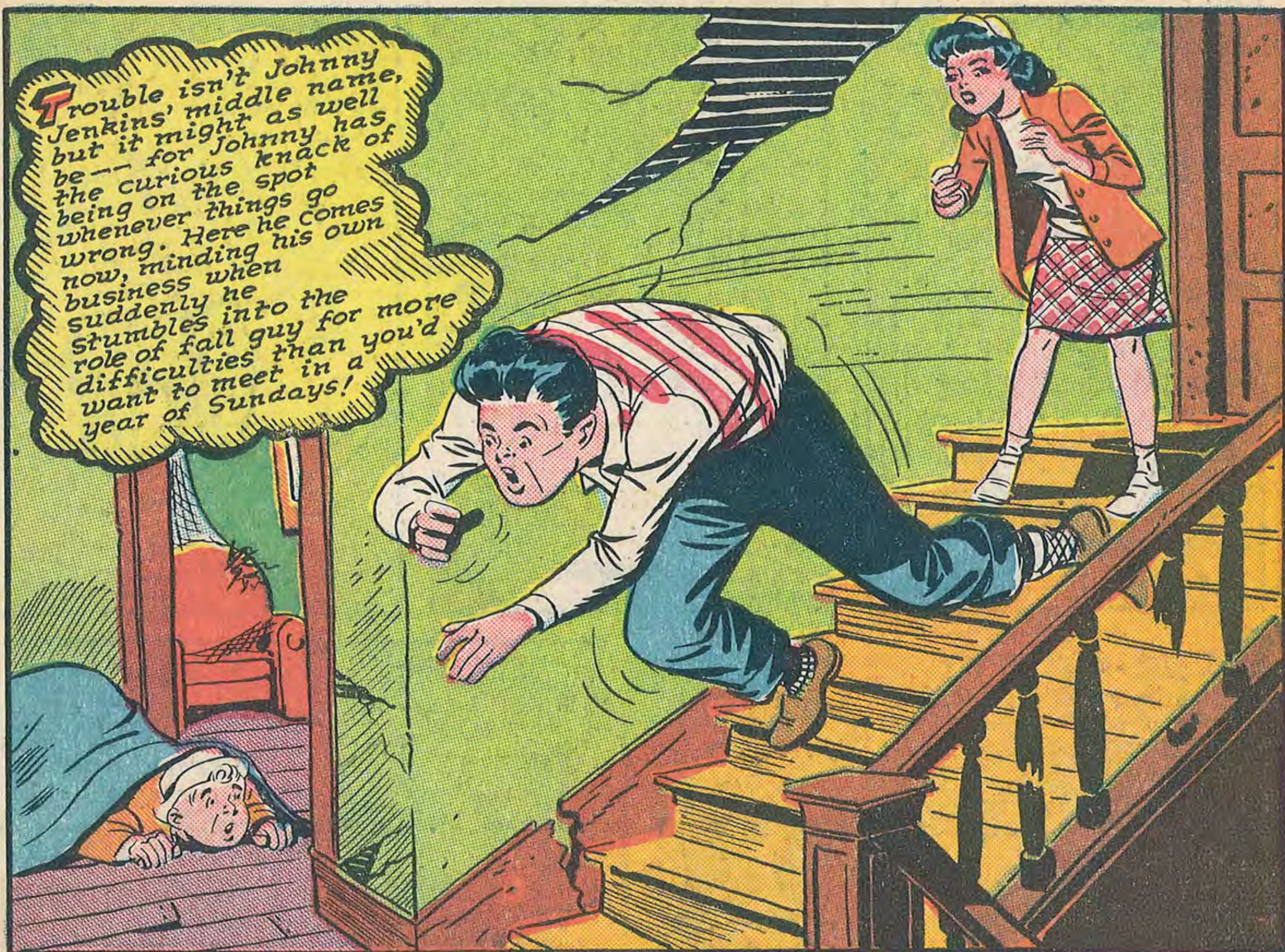
"Don't shoot!" Toka pleaded.

"That depends on whether you want to come along to jail."

Toka smiled. "What I did was perfectly legal. I have the records."

"Not for this crime," said Harry Regan. "This money is marked and this cabin's over the state line. Ben Regan is my brother, but he's also an F.B.I. man. You're not going up for loan sharking, Toka. The charge is kidnapping. He's been after you for a long time, and you baited the hook that turned the trick."





**T**rouble isn't Johnny Jenkins' middle name, but it might as well be -- for Johnny has the curious knack of being on the spot whenever things go wrong. Here he comes now, minding his own business when suddenly he stumbles into the role of fall guy for more difficulties than you'd want to meet in a year of Sundays!

# JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

**OH, JOHNNY!** THAT TWO CARAT DIAMOND IN THE PLATINUM SETTING IS A DREAM--  
**BUT DEF!**

WITH THE MOOLA I'VE GOT, A DREAM IS THE CLOSEST YOU'LL COME TO IT, BIRCHIE. I AM PRACTICALLY **BANKRUPT!**

**HI--MAC!** TAKE THIS LUGGAGE CHECK OVER TO THE RAILROAD STATION AND PICK UP MY SUITCASE! WORTH A BUCK TO YOU?

**YOU'RE ON--MISTER!**

**HEY!** THAT LUG MUST BE PULLING MY LEG! THIS CHECK IS STAMPED JUNE, 1942!

**BETTER GO BACK AND ASK HIM FOR THE RIGHT ONE!**







MY GAG TO  
GET RID OF  
THEM KIDS  
FLOPPED!  
HERE  
THEY  
COME!

SAVE YOUR  
SLUGS FOR  
COPPERS,  
GRAVIS!



THOSE TURKEYS  
TURNED A NEAT  
TRICK! RUN IN  
AND SEE IF THEY  
SHOT MISTER  
HORNE. I'LL  
TAKE THEIR  
NUMBER!



ONE--EIGHT--  
WOW!  
HEY--LAY  
THAT PISTOL  
DOWN, PUNK!



GLUB--  
BLUB!

NOW IF JOHNNY  
CATCHES 'EM,  
MR. HORNE,  
WOULD THAT  
TWO CARAT  
DIAMOND BE  
OKAY FOR  
THE REWARD?

THE DEAL IS  
CANCELLED,  
COOKIE!  
THEY GOT  
AWAY!



WHAT'S COOKIN'  
AROUND HERE,  
KIDS? I HEARD  
A SHOT!

YOU'VE GOT KEEN  
EARS, KERRIGAN. A PAIR  
OF PUNKS JUST  
CLIPPED POP HORNE  
FOR TWO SATCHELS  
OF SPARKLERS!



DID THEY LOOK  
LIKE *THESE* MUGGS,  
JOHNNY? SKEETS  
GRAVIS AND JOE  
YATES HAVE BEEN  
CLIPPING THE  
GEM JOINTS  
FROM COAST  
TO COAST!

CHECK--  
CHUM!  
THEY'RE  
YOUR MEN!



HOLD IT, KIDS!  
WE'RE CALLING  
A CONFERENCE!

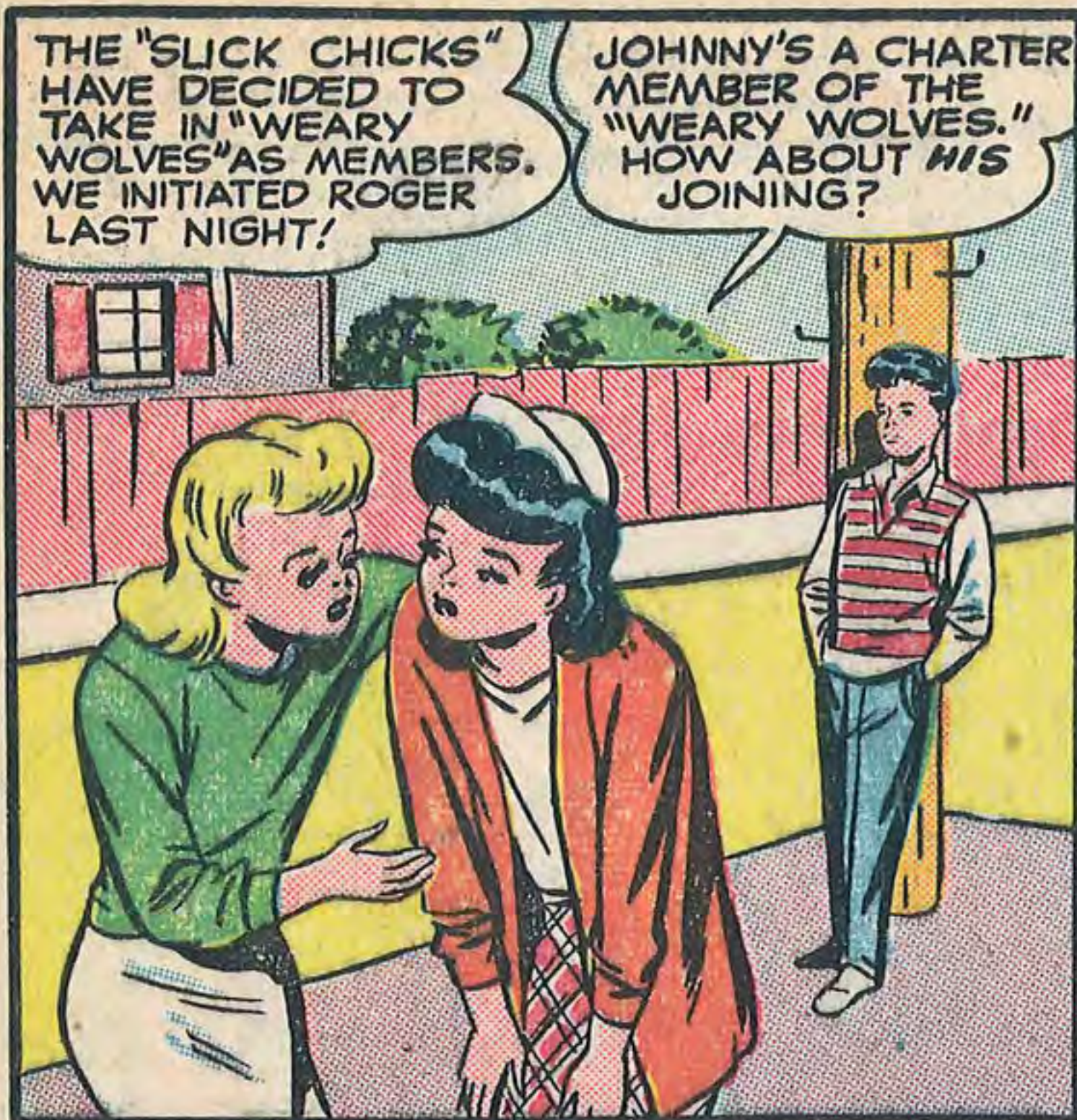
GLORIA!



UNHAND ME,  
HANDSOME!  
GLORIA AND  
I'VE GOT A  
STRICTLY  
PRIVATE MATTER  
TO DISCUSS!

AW, LAY  
OFF THE  
SINISTER  
SEANCES,  
SISTER!





THE "SLICK CHICKS" HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE IN "WEARY WOLVES" AS MEMBERS. WE INITIATED ROGER LAST NIGHT!

JOHNNY'S A CHARTER MEMBER OF THE "WEARY WOLVES." HOW ABOUT HIS JOINING?



REET, SWEET. HEY, JENKINS. WANT TO BE A JOINER UPPER?

SCRAM, SKIRT! WHEN CRIME RUNS RAMPANT IN OUR BEAUTIFUL BURG, I JOIN THE MANHUNT-- PERIOD!



THIS IS YOUR FIRST AND LAST CHANCE TO FOLLOW YOUR BROTHER WOLVES INTO THE FOLDS OF THE "SLICK CHICKS."

YOU HAVEN'T A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE TO STOP THOSE STICK-UP ARTISTS. COME ON OVER TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB, KEE!



AW, LET ME GO, GALS! THERE GOES A COP'S CAR! THE CROOKS CAN'T BE FAR OFF!

COME ON INSIDE, JOHNNY! YOU'RE NOT GETTING SHOT AT TODAY!



AS NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE INITIATION COMMITTEE, I PROPOSE THAT MISTER JENKINS GO IN AND RAISE ALL THE CURTAINS IN THE MOODY MANSION!

HORRORS! THE JOINT'S HAUNTED!



OKAY, ROGER. SHAKE. BUT SINCE YOU DIDN'T SAY I'D HAVE TO GO THERE AFTER DARK, I'LL GO NOW--IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

I FORGOT TO MENTION THE TIME. OKAY-- YOU WIN!



BROAD DAYLIGHT--  
HA--HA! A  
THUNDERSHOWER  
LIKE THIS IS  
WORSE THAN  
MIDNIGHT!

LET'S RUN HOME AND  
GET OUR RAIN CAPES.  
WE DON'T WANT  
TO MISS THE FUN!



Twenty minutes later outside the  
old Moody mansion--

WHAT COULD HAVE  
HAPPENED? JOHNNY  
HASN'T STARTED TO  
RAISE THE WINDOW  
SHADES, AND THERE'S  
NO SIGN OF ROGER!

MAYBE THERE  
IS A  
GHOST!



THE BACK DOOR'S  
OPEN. COME ON,  
GLORIA. LET'S  
SEE WHAT'S  
THE TROUBLE!

IXNAY--  
BIRCHIE!  
I WANT TO  
GO ON  
LIVING!



EEK!  
OH--IT'S  
JUST YOU,  
ROGER!

SHHH! PIPE  
DOWN, DOPEY!  
YOU WANT  
JOHNNY TO  
DIE OF  
FRIGHT?



NO, NOBODY'S  
UPSTAIRS, YATES!  
COVER THE  
BACK DOOR!

MAYBE  
THOSE KIDS  
FOLLERED  
US, HUH?  
I'LL FIX  
'EM!



HOLY SMOKES,  
ROGE! THERE  
GOES ONE OF  
THE GUNMEN!



SHHH, NOW! JOHNNY  
MUST BE UPSTAIRS!  
I'LL GO AND  
WARN HIM!

GEE!-- I'D  
BETTER RUN  
FOR THE COPS!







ULP! AS IF GUNMEN  
WEREN'T ENOUGH--  
THERE HAS TO BE A  
GHOST HERE, TOO!  
I'M SCRAMMING!



THE THING'S COMING  
AFTER ME! I'LL TAKE MY  
CHANCES WITH THE  
GUNMEN ANY DAY--BUT  
A GHOST--BRRR!



OH--OH! JOHNNY'S  
GONNA TRIP ON THAT  
ROPE AND IF I WARN  
HIM, THAT LUG  
WILL SPOT ME!

OH, JOHNNY!  
JOHNNY--LOOK  
OUT! THERE'S  
THAT STICK-UP  
MAN!

FINE TIME FOR  
ME TO  
FIND OUT!



IXNAY, BIG SHOT!  
YOU DON'T USE  
MY PAL JOHNNY  
FOR A CLAY  
PIGEON!

HIT THE DIRT,  
DESPERADO!  
I'LL TAKE  
OVER YOUR  
ARTILLERY!



OOPS! HEY!  
WATCH OUT FOR  
THE GHOST,  
YOU GUYS!







# SIX SHOOTER SURPRISE

## TERRY'S COLT HAD TO BLUFF THE BANDITS' AIM!

The bandits climbed the trail onto the mesa and caught Terry Latham just as he rode down through the pass. Black Carson, the leader of the band, rode out from the tall timber and poked his gun into Terry's neck.

"Git 'em up," rasped Black Carson.

The cowpuncher eased himself in the saddle, released his hands from the reins and raised his arms. Carson took Terry Latham's six shooter from his holster.

Five members of Black Carson's band rode out and surrounded the roan on which Terry sat. Black Carson slapped his hands about Terry's waist and growled: "Come on. Yuh got gold on yuh. Where is it?"

"If yuh can't find it then it stands tuh reason that I ain't got it."

The bandit raised his arm and swung hard across Terry's mouth.

"We can make yuh talk," he said slowly, bringing the weight of his words to bear on the roving six-gun in his fist. "We seen yuh leave the bank with the sack of dust and we seen yuh go to the gal's cabin. And it ain't there."

Latham's tanned cheeks flushed to a bright copper hue.

"You coyotes—you been to Jane Oliver's cabin?"

"The same," replied Black Carson. "An' if yuh want tuh see her alive and safe, yuh'll start talkin'." He turned to the men. "Ride on tuh camp with this hombre, and keep yore hands on yore guns. We'll give him time tuh think."

With Latham surrounded, the bandits rode down the trail over the side of the mesa, along its base to a spot settled among a dozen huge boulders. It was a natural fortress, allowing only a single-file entrance between two large rocks. Carson directed Latham to go ahead of his men.

They were not kidding. Jane Oliver was there, her tawny hair tumbling over flame red cheeks. When she saw Latham her eyes flashed angrily.

"Terry!" she cried. "Don't tell them!"

Carson raised the lariat from his saddle, and holding it like a whip, struck the girl full across the face.

"Oh!" she cried. Tears came to her eyes through a tension that was trying desperately to hold them back.

"Yuh rat," said Terry. "All right, yuh win."

"Don't tell 'em!" cried the girl. "It's our stake for the future!"

Carson laughed. "Future! Yuh won't have no future if yuh don't talk."

"It's in the saddle blanket," Terry told them.

"Oh, Terry!" the girl said in dismay. "You shouldn't have—"

Carson ordered: "Git off yore horse." He stood, holding the gun he had taken from Latham.

Terry whipped his leg over the saddle. His boot caught the bandit flush in the jaw. Black Carson swore. Terry leaped down and grabbed his gun from Carson's hand.

"One move for the girl and I'll put a bullet through Carson's skull," he told the startled bandits.

The bandits hesitated uncertainly. Carson struggled and Latham brought the handle of the six-gun down behind the bandit's ears.

"Ride, Jane!" Terry shouted.

She looked at him uncertainly. "But you?"

Pushing Carson's limp form before him, he edged his way toward the opening.

"Take my horse along," he said.

He waited with Carson's limp form at his feet while the bandits gaped in awe at the escape that was happening before their eyes. Jane sent Terry's horse ahead and rode through the opening in the rocks.

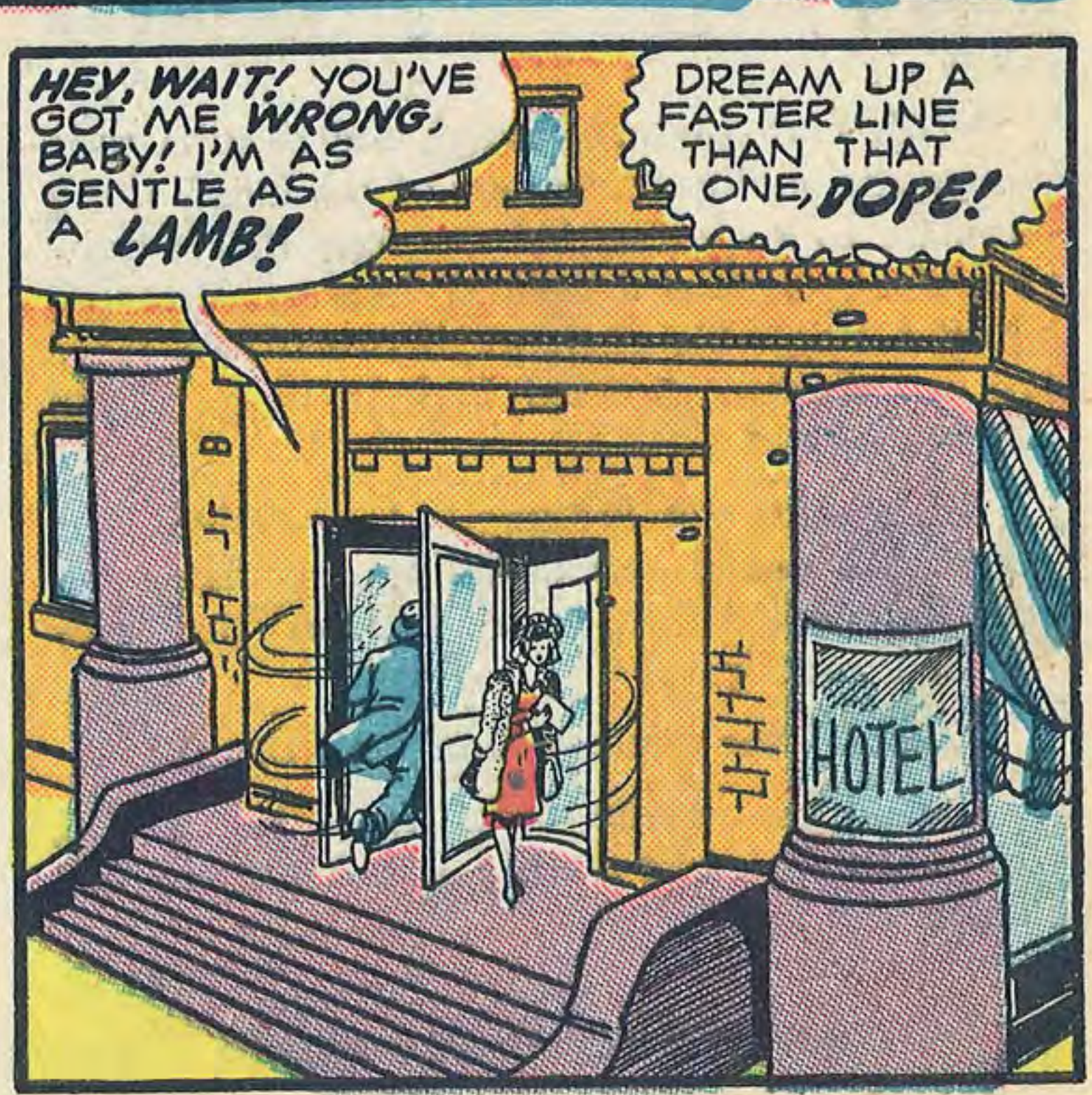
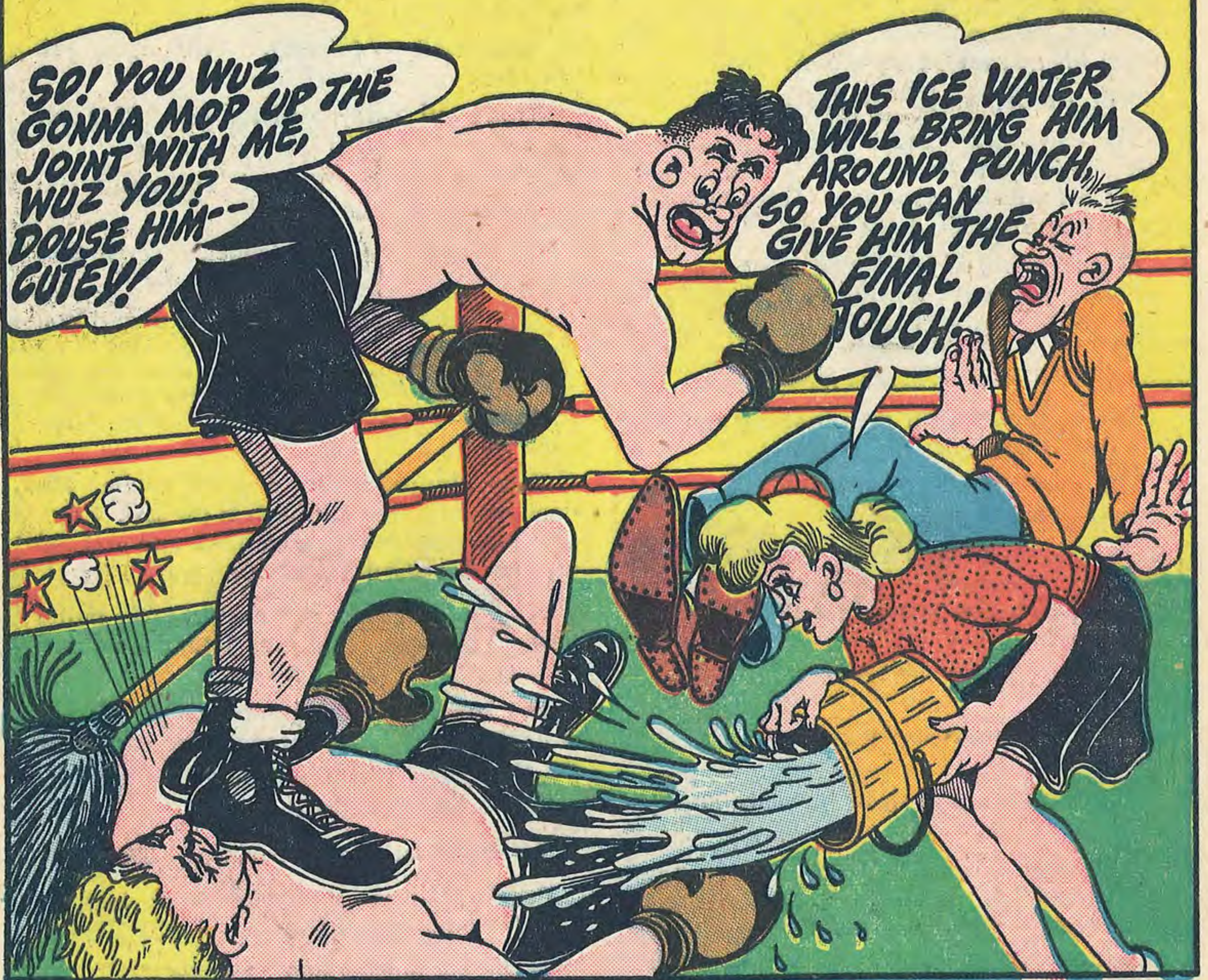
Terry laid Carson across the opening, wedging him solidly between the boulders. Jane held the horse ready. Terry ran and jumped astride the animal.

They were across the mesa, heading for the timber before the bandits had got past Black Carson. They kept going straight for town.

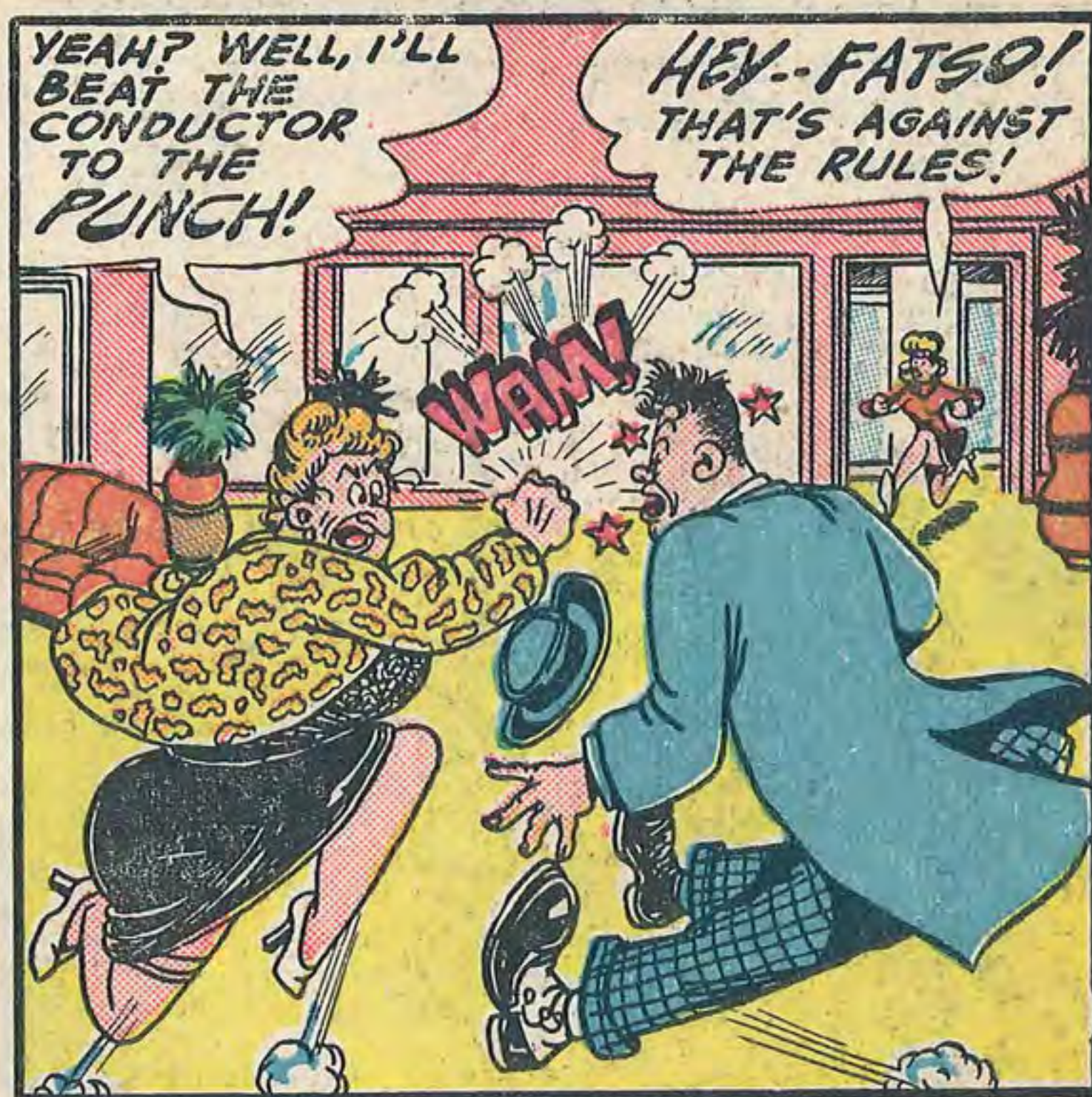
"They'd shore be surprised, honey, if they knew I held 'em off with a six-gun loaded with gold dust and a belt full of bullets loaded with the same."



# PUNCH & CUTEY











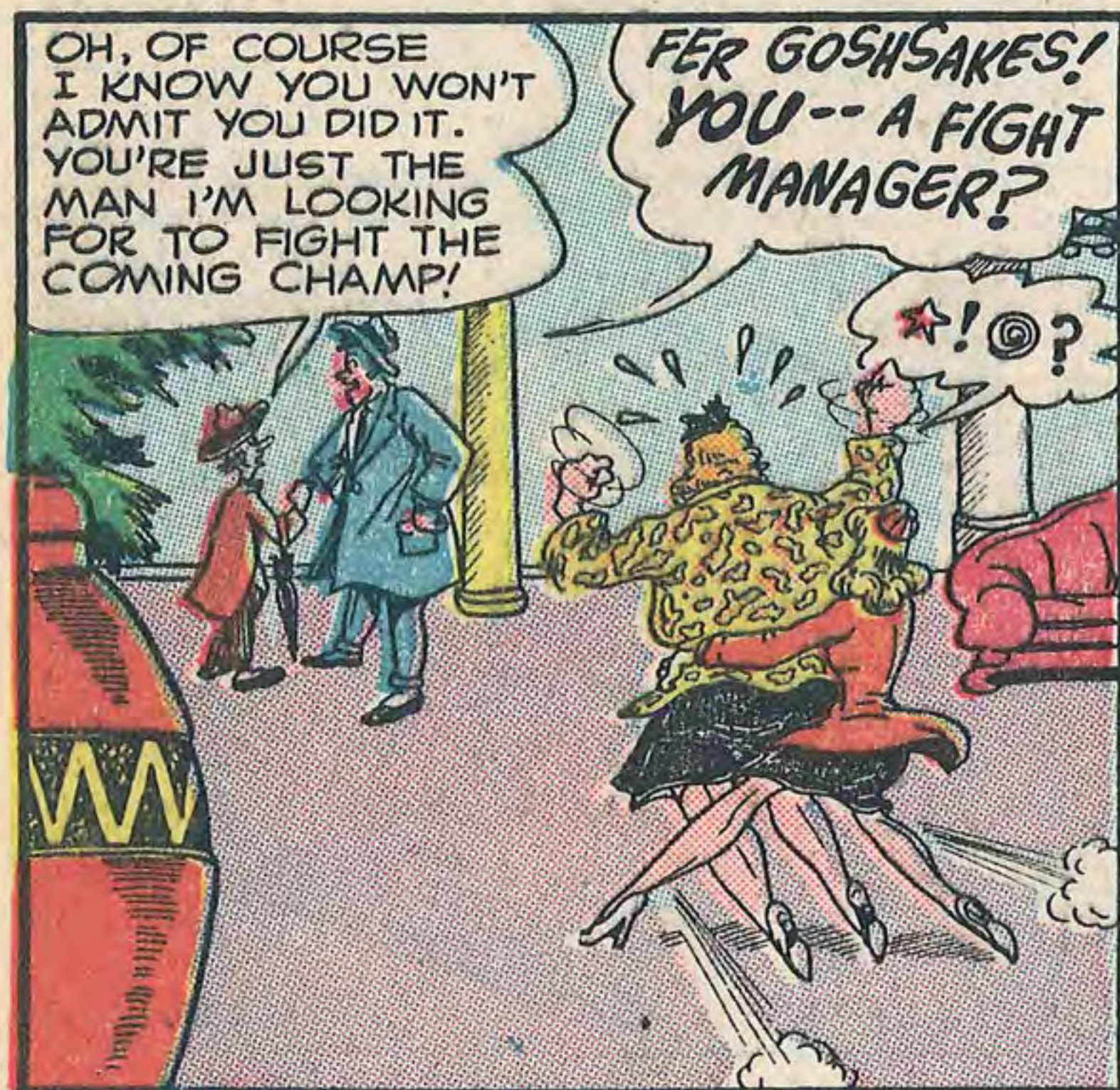
MARVELOUS!  
SPECTACULAR!  
UNTIL NOW, MY  
WIFE HAS BEEN  
KNOWN AS  
**BOMBPROOF  
BERTIE!**

**EDGAR!**  
HOW DARE YOU  
REVEAL  
INTIMATE  
SECRETS?



SORRY I MISSED  
IT! YOU MUST'VE  
SWUNG A SUNDAY  
PUNCH SMACK  
TO THE BUTTON!

**IXNAY, BUM!**  
YOU'RE ALL  
COCKEYED!  
I DIDN'T--



OH, OF COURSE  
I KNOW YOU WON'T  
ADMIT YOU DID IT.  
YOU'RE JUST THE  
MAN I'M LOOKING  
FOR TO FIGHT THE  
COMING CHAMP!

**FER GOSHSAKES!**  
**YOU-- A FIGHT  
MANAGER?**



SIGN ON THE  
**DOTTED LINE**,  
MY FRIEND. I'LL  
GUARANTEE YOU  
**SIXTY PERCENT**  
OF THE GATE AT  
THE COLOSSEUM!

**OKAY, DOC!** BUT MY  
SIGNATURE'S **N.G.**  
WITHOUT CUTEY'S  
**O.K.** SHE'S MY  
**MANAGER!**



**YOU  
DYED-IN-THE-WOOL  
WORM!**

THAT AIN'T  
NO WAY  
TO TREAT  
YOUR EVER  
LOVING!

**ONE SIDE,  
FATSO!** THIS  
LOOKS OKEDOKE,  
PUNCH! MUGGER  
SPILLANE MUST  
BE A NEWCOMER.  
HAS EDGAR SET  
THE DATE FOR  
THIS  
**SLUGFEST?**

WAIT A  
MINUTE,  
SIS. I'LL  
ASK  
HIM!

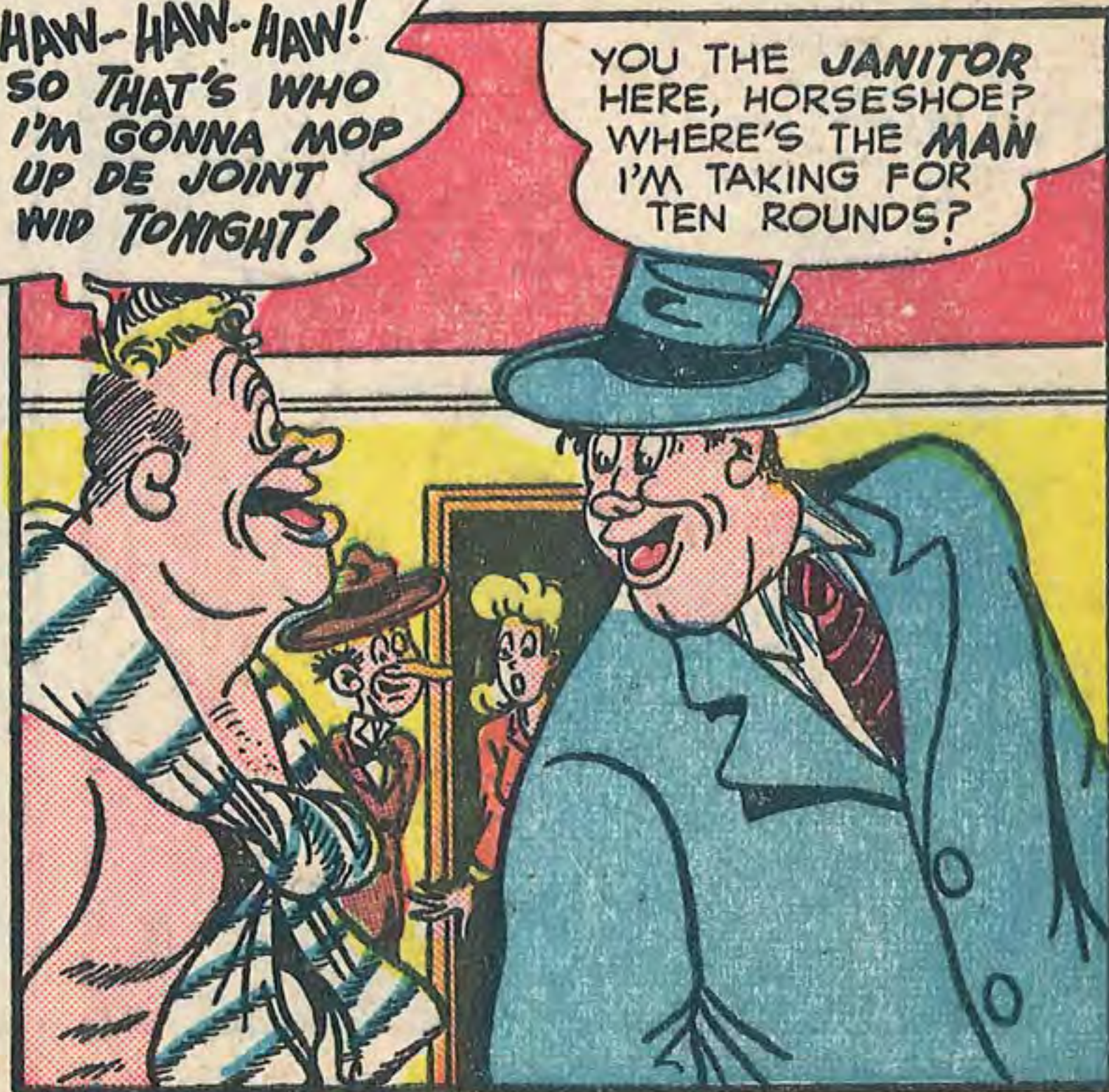
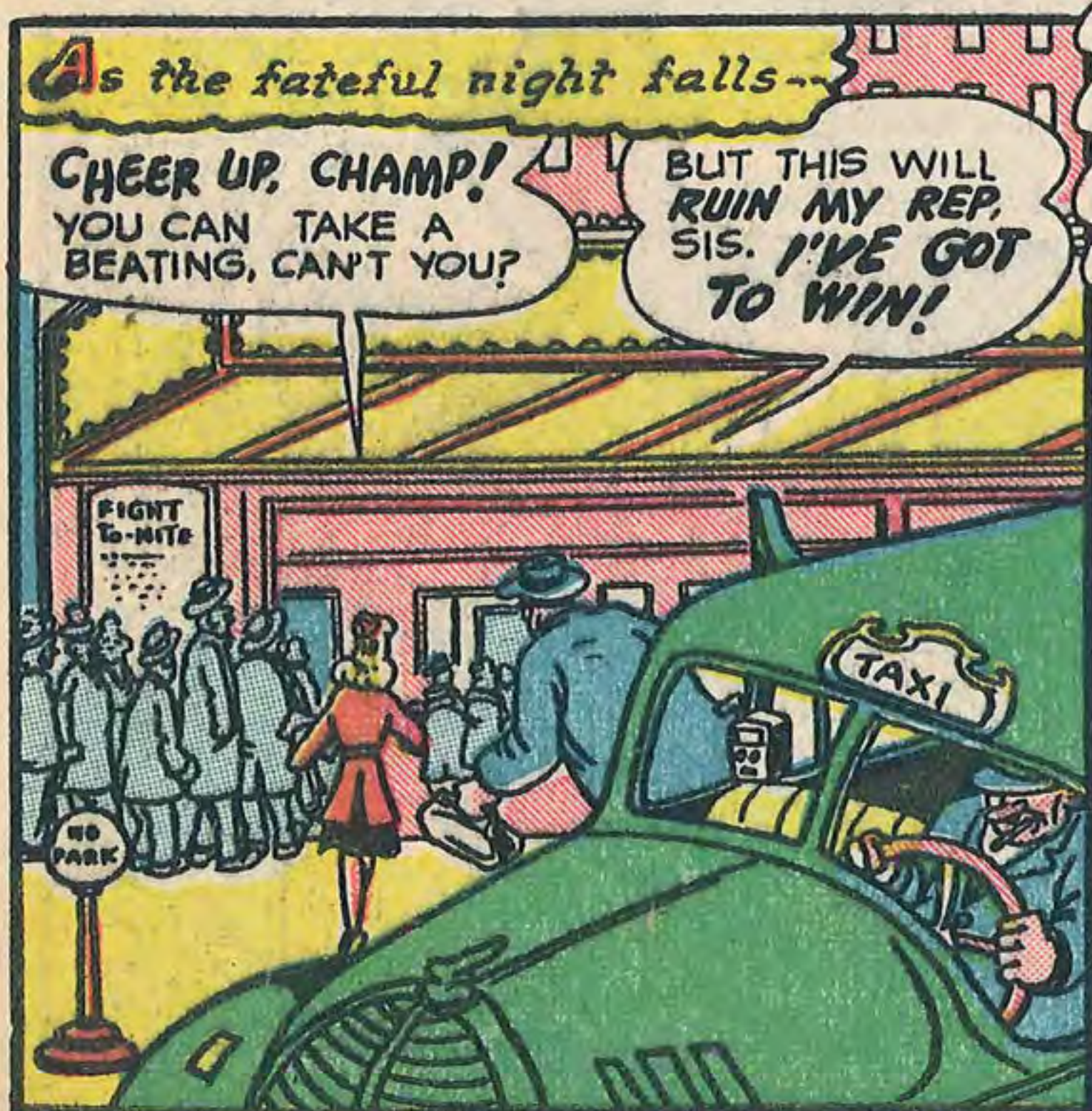
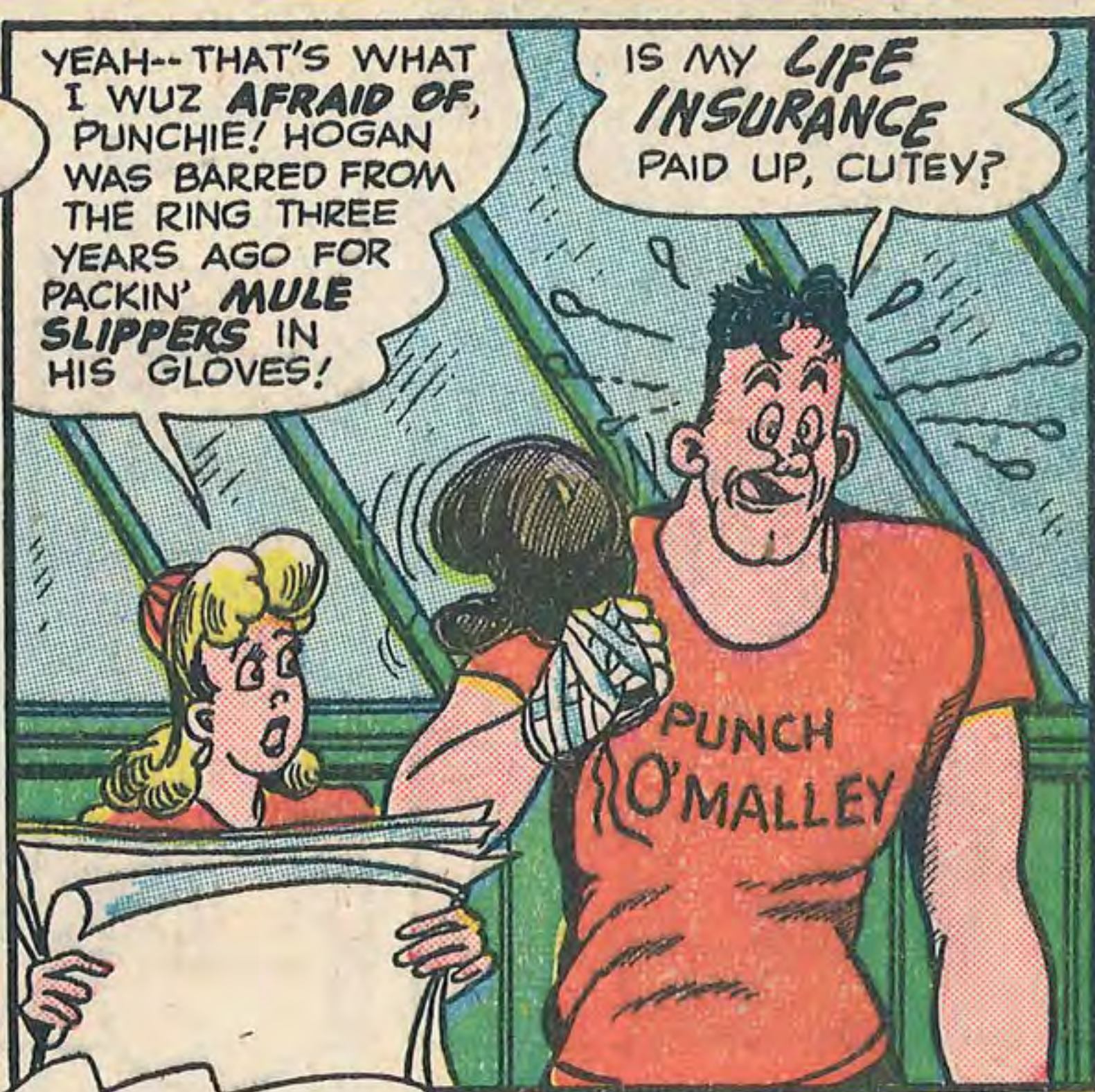


SAY DOC, WHAT  
NIGHT DO YOU  
WANT TO STAGE  
THIS **KAYO  
CARNIVAL?**

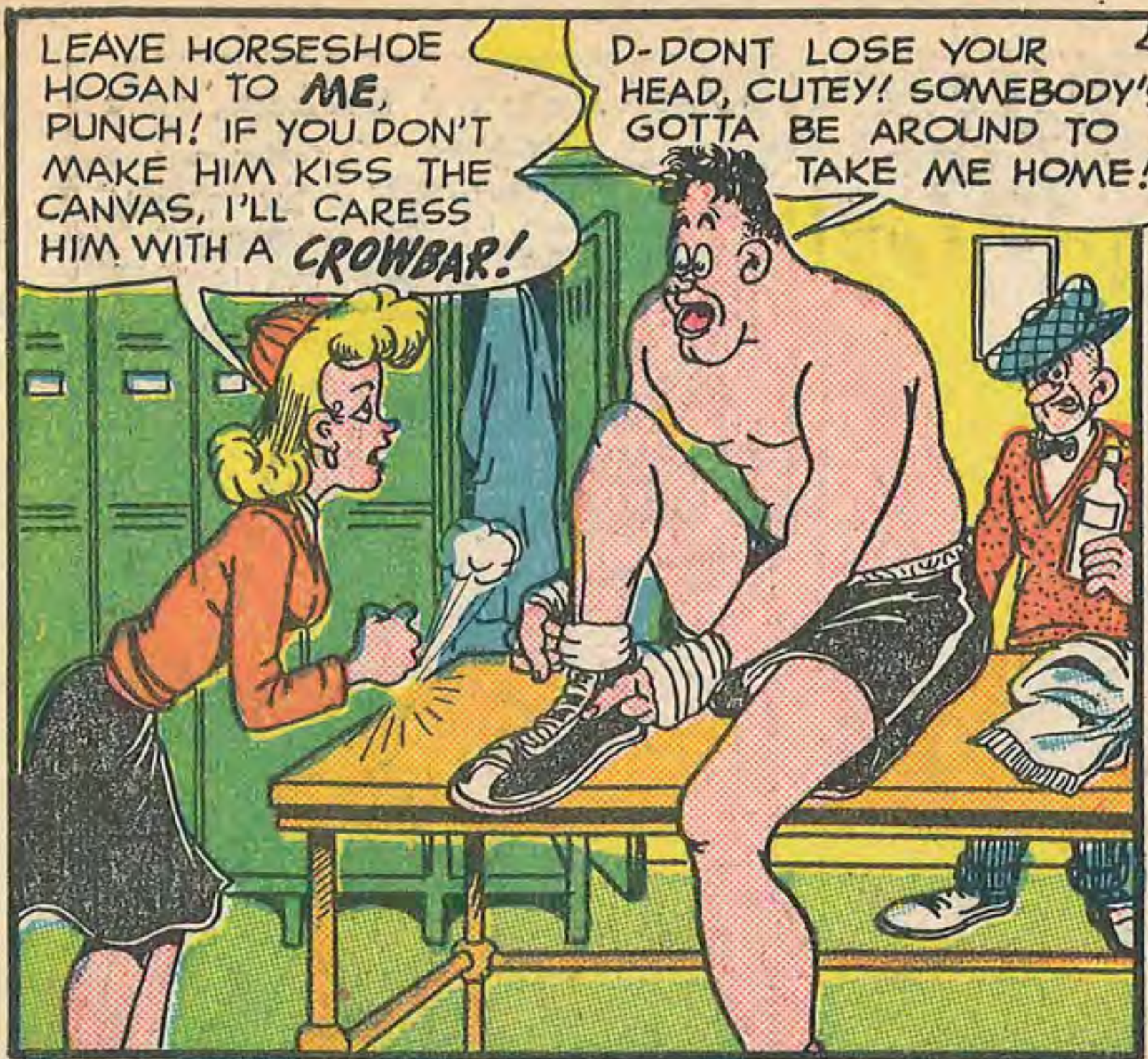
THE  
COLOSSEUM  
IS OPEN  
FOR A  
WEEK FROM  
TONIGHT! SEE  
YOU AT THE  
WEIGHING IN,  
MR. O'MALLEY!

**UGH!**



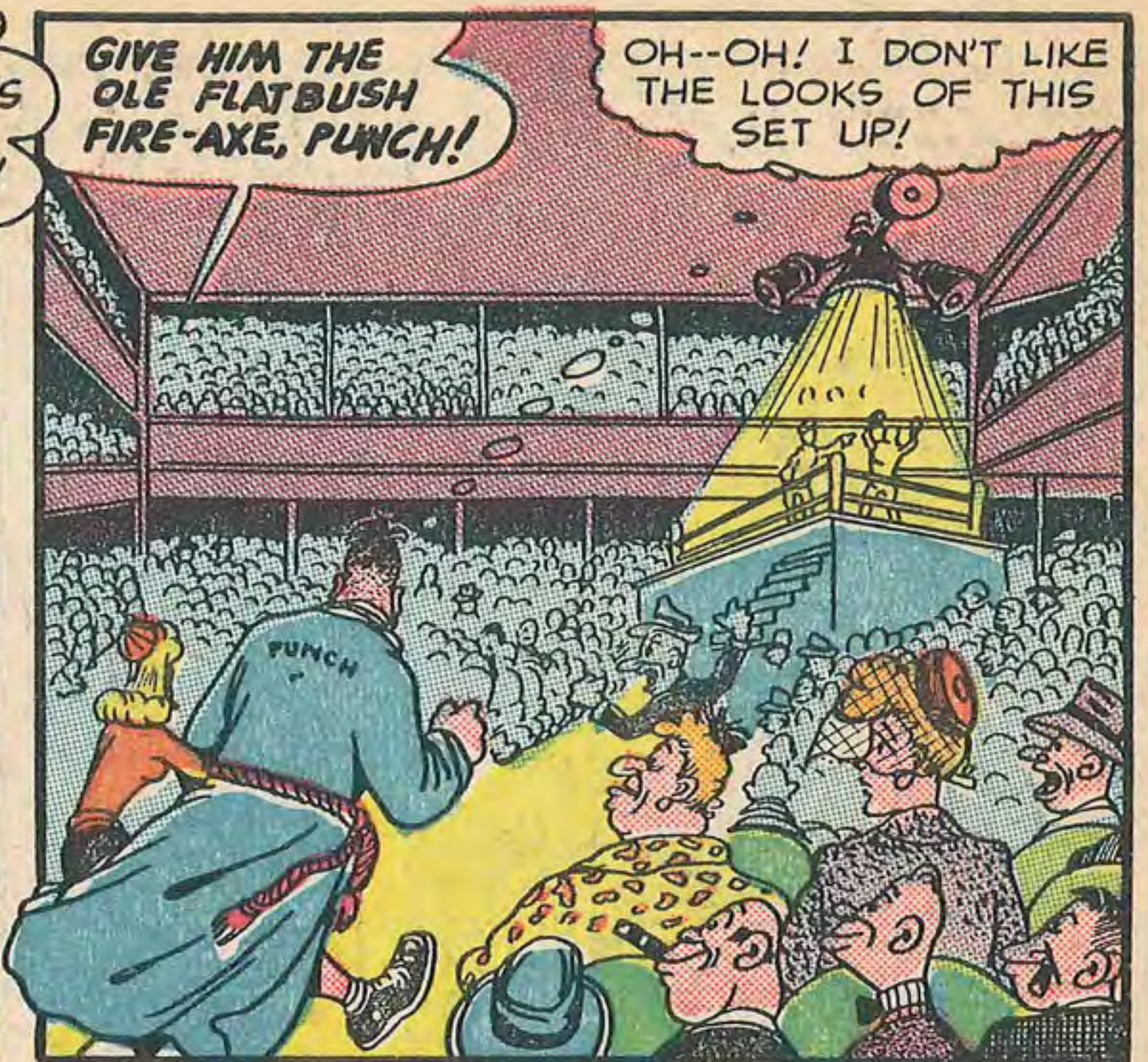






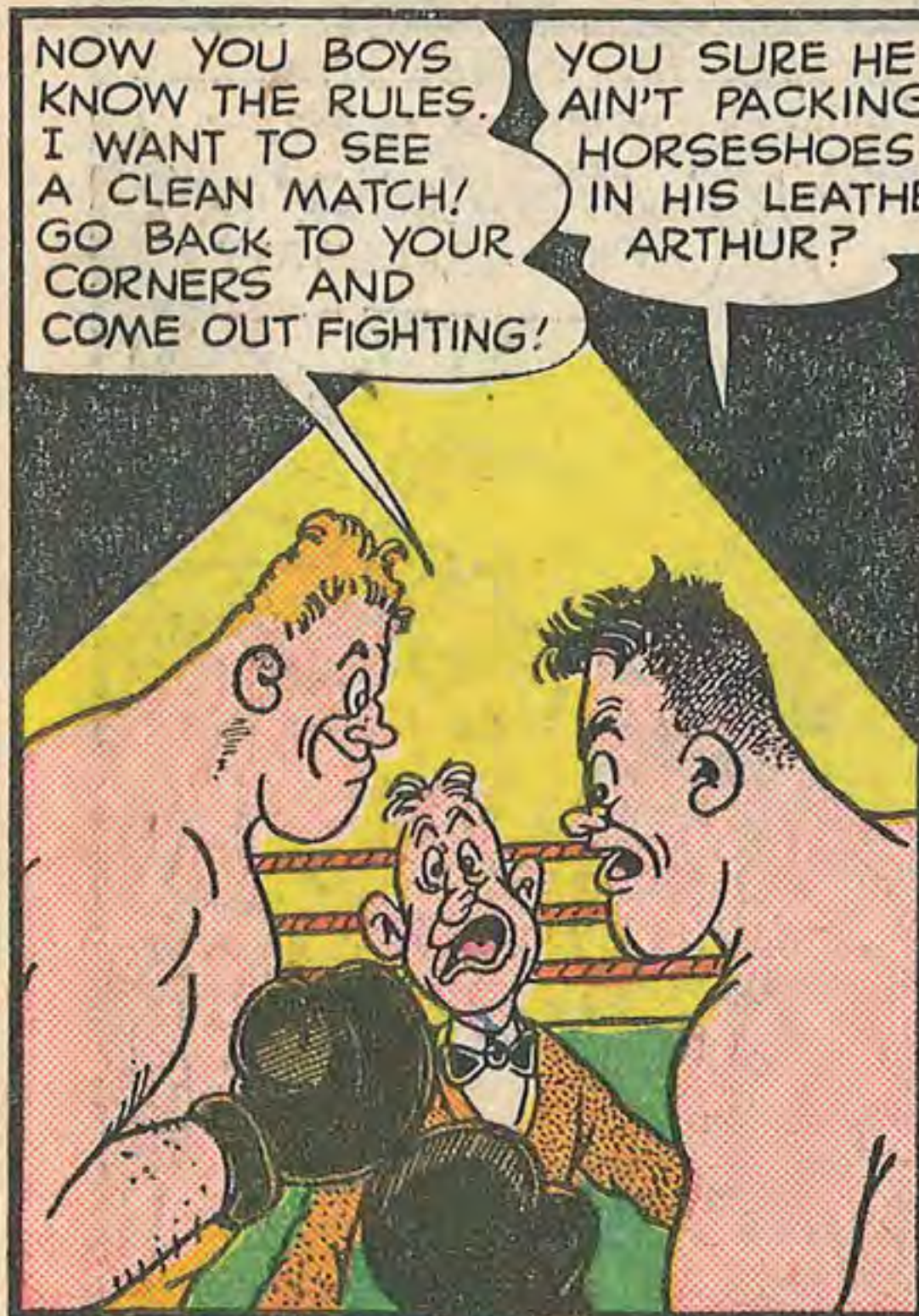
LEAVE HORSESHOE HOGAN TO **ME**, PUNCH! IF YOU DON'T MAKE HIM KISS THE CANVAS, I'LL CARESS HIM WITH A **CROWBAR!**

D-DONT LOSE YOUR HEAD, CUTEY! SOMEBODY'S GOTTA BE AROUND TO TAKE ME HOME!



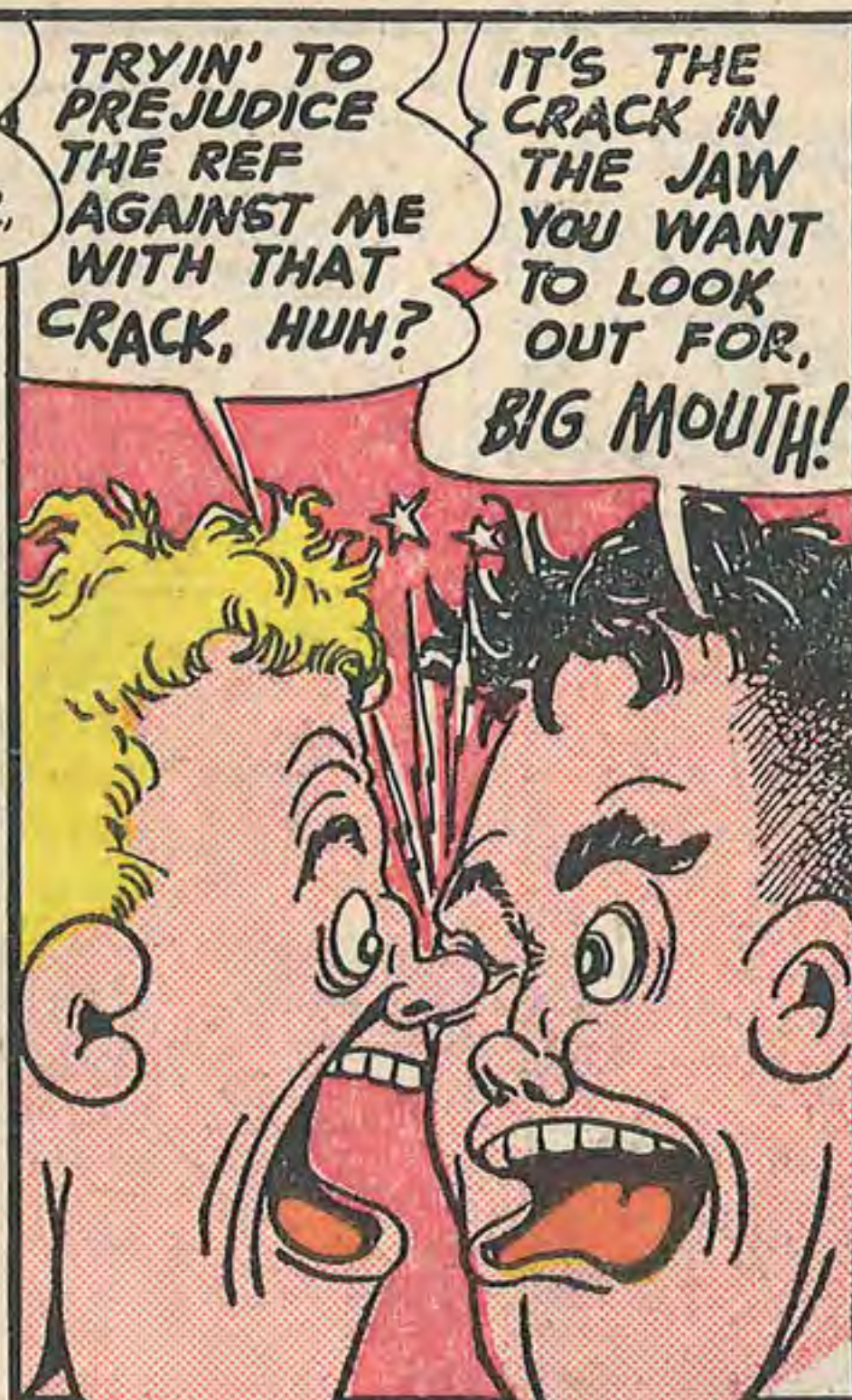
**GIVE HIM THE OLE FLATBUSH FIRE-AXE, PUNCH!**

OH--OH! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS SET UP!



NOW YOU BOYS KNOW THE RULES. I WANT TO SEE A CLEAN MATCH! GO BACK TO YOUR CORNERS AND COME OUT FIGHTING!

YOU SURE HE AIN'T PACKING HORSESHOES IN HIS LEATHER, ARTHUR?



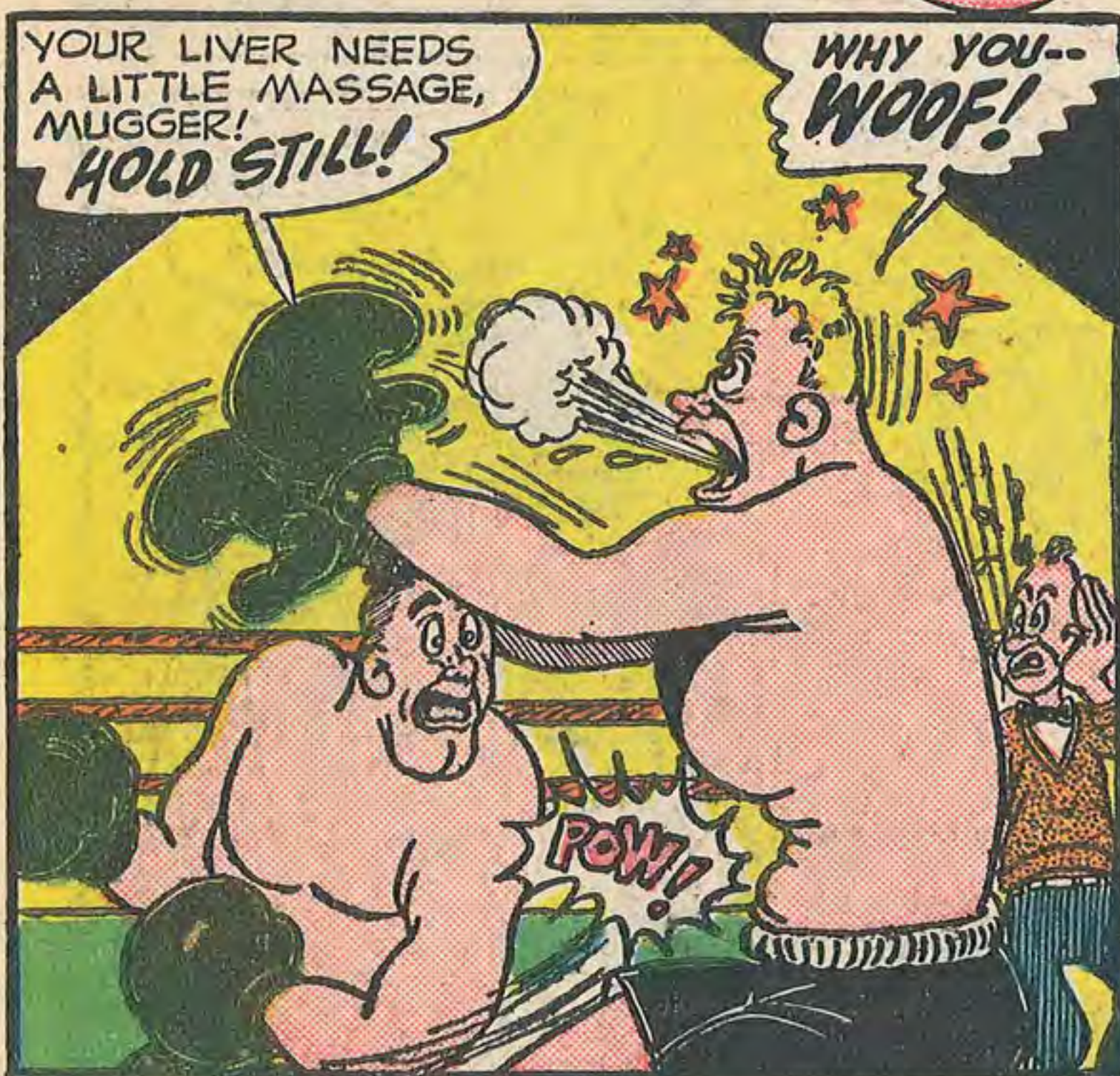
TRYIN' TO PREJUDICE THE REF AGAINST ME WITH THAT CRACK, HUH?

IT'S THE CRACK IN THE JAW YOU WANT TO LOOK OUT FOR, BIG MOUTH!



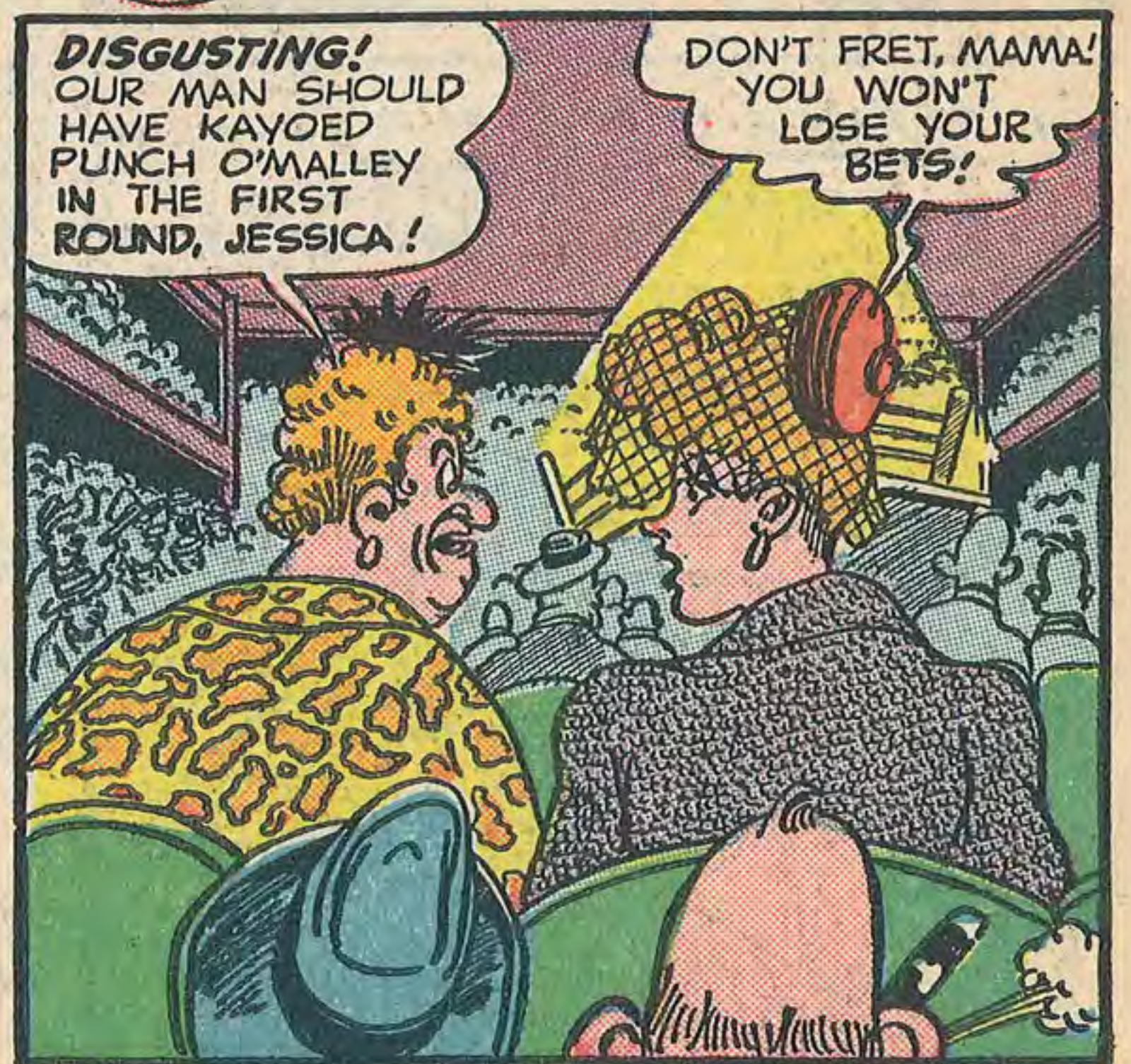
I'LL SHUT THAT YIPPER OF YOURS FOR KEEPS, KIDDO!

**WAH--OOOF!**



YOUR LIVER NEEDS A LITTLE MASSAGE, MUGGER! **HOLD STILL!**

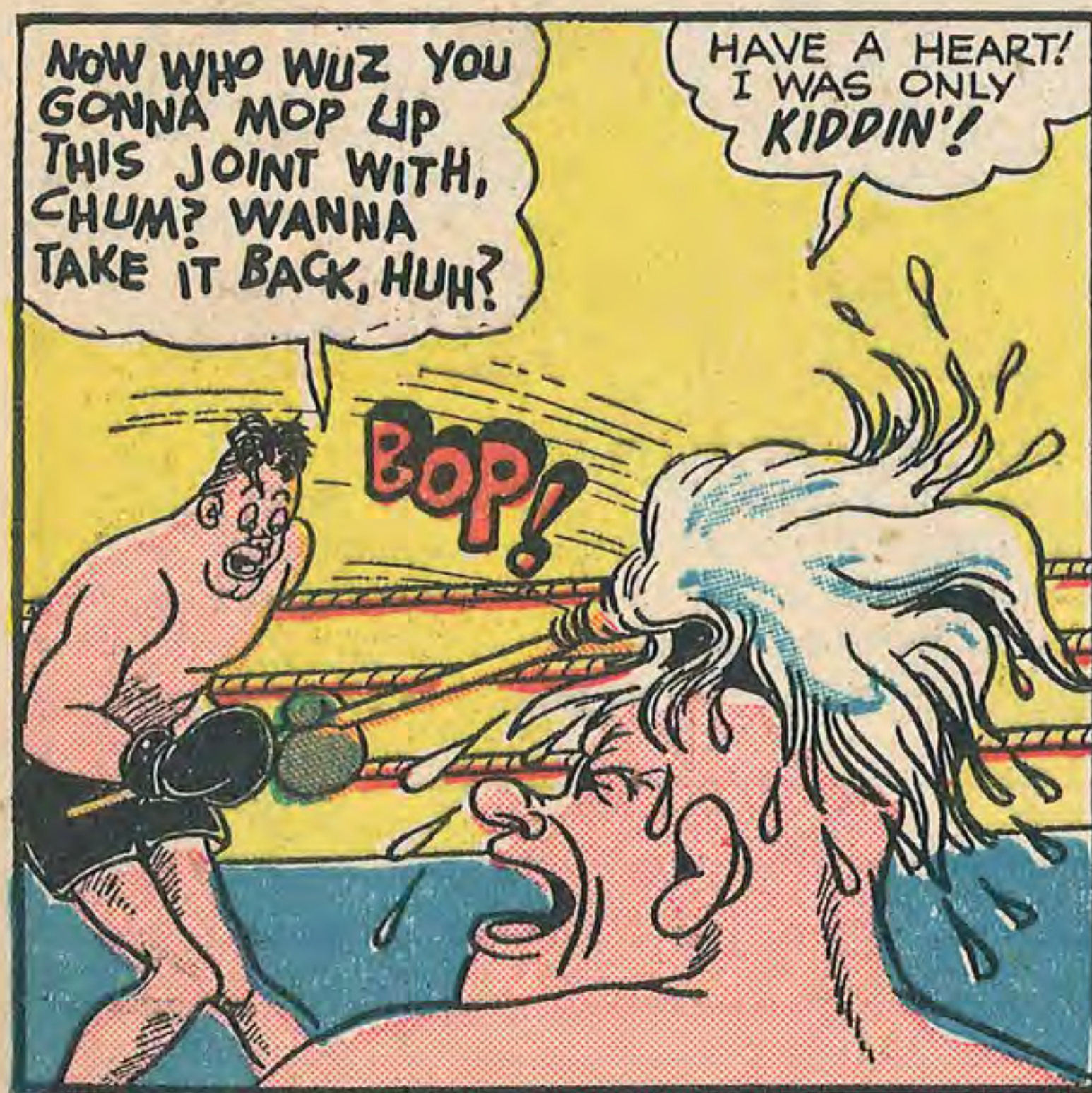
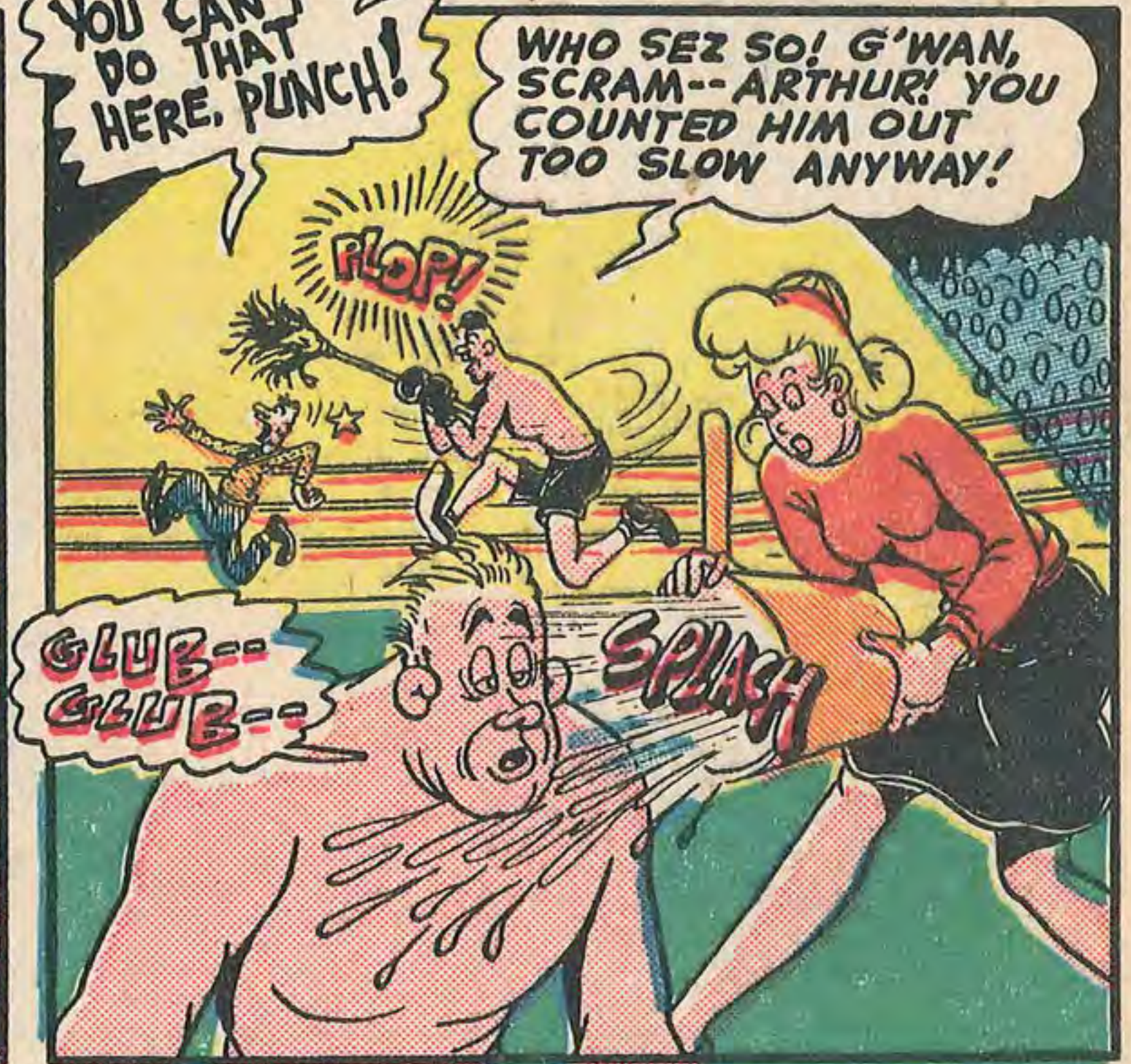
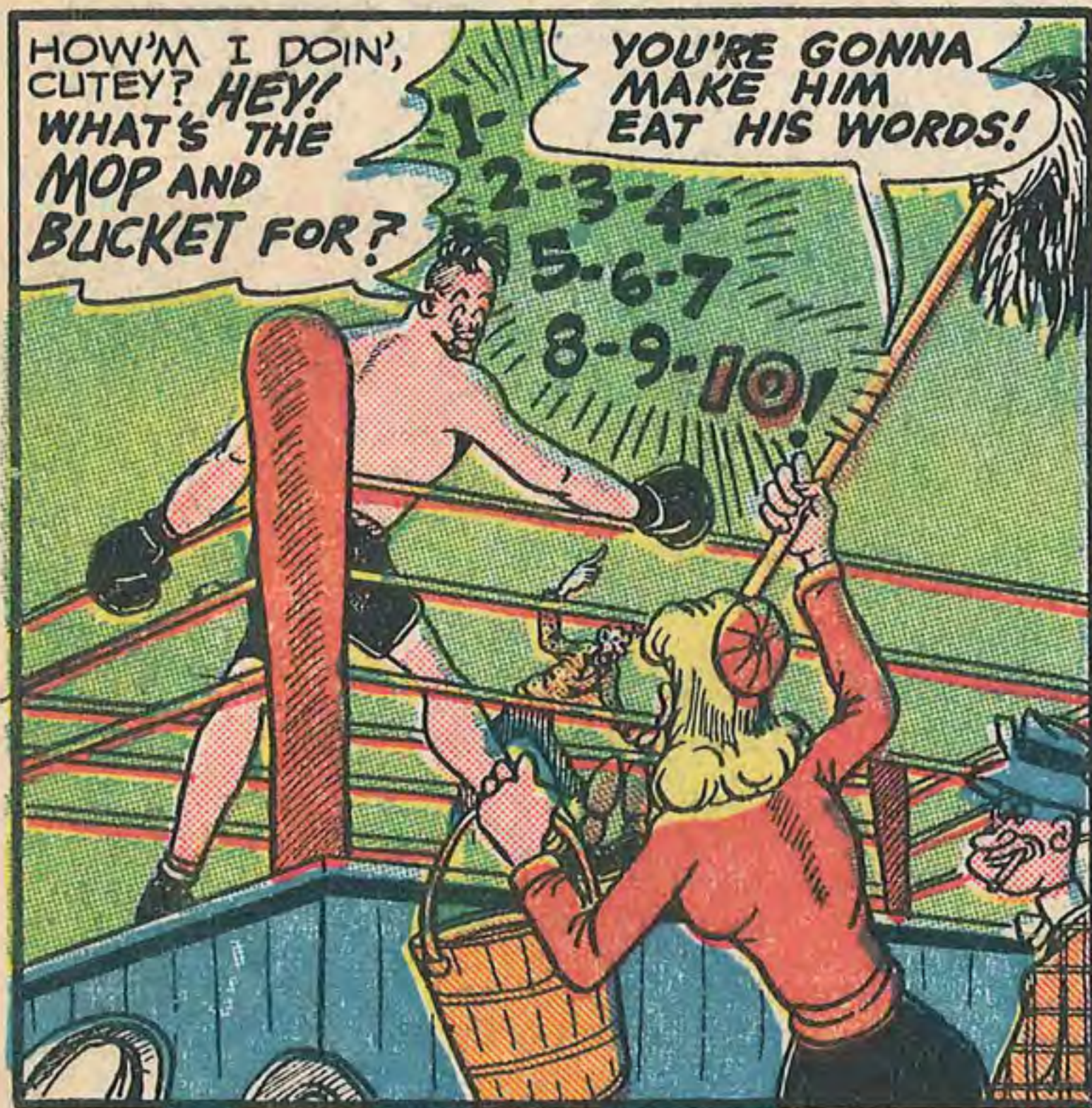
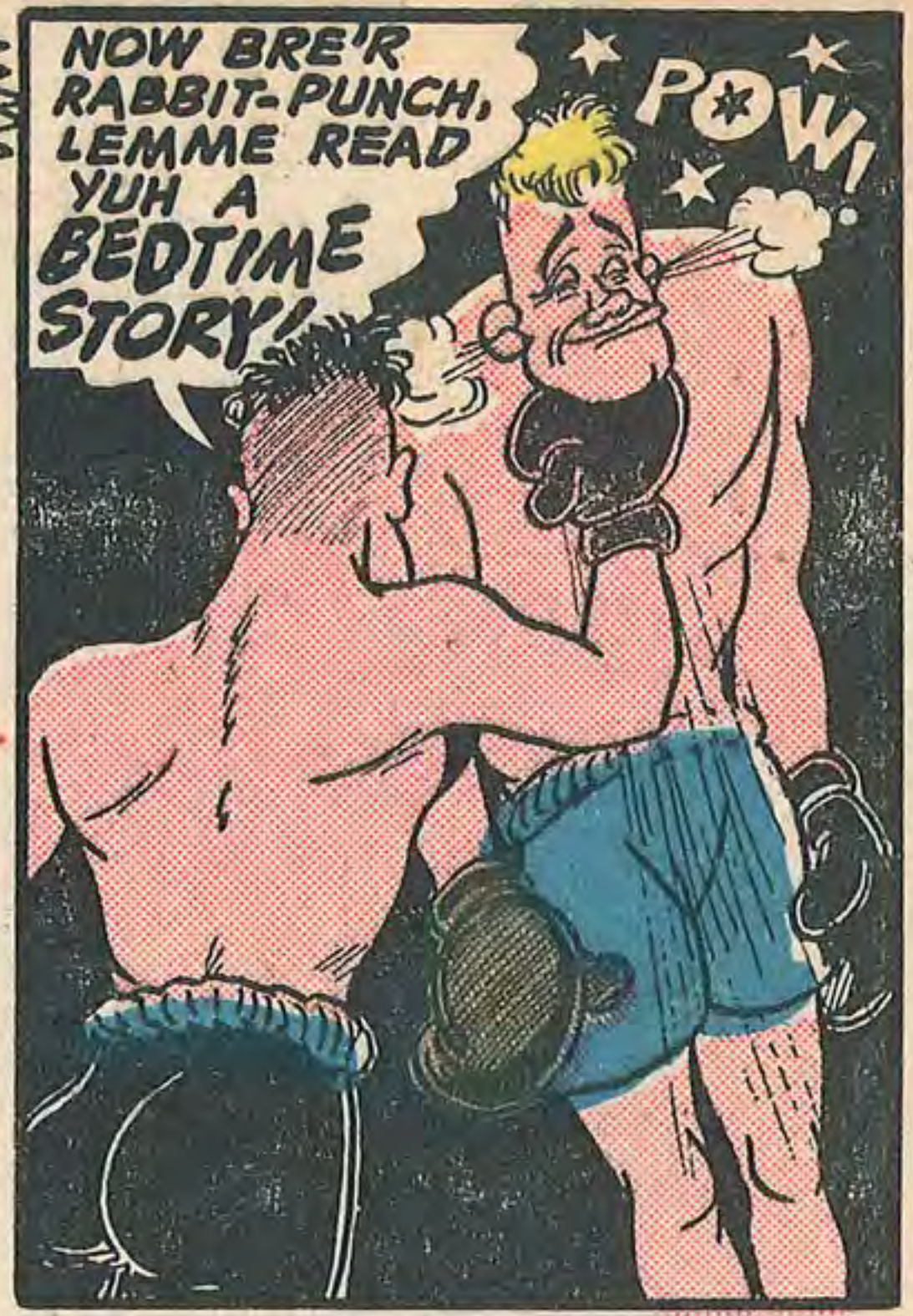
**WHY YOU--WOOF!**



**DISGUSTING!** OUR MAN SHOULD HAVE KAYOED PUNCH O'MALLEY IN THE FIRST ROUND, JESSICA!

DON'T FRET, MAMA! YOU WON'T LOSE YOUR BETS!







# Girls Can't Resist this KISS ME NECKTIE as it GLOWS in the DARK!



BY DAY, A LOVELY SWANK  
TIE... BY NIGHT, A CALL  
TO LOVE IN GLOWING  
WORDS!



MEN... BOYS... Now amaze your friends! Surprise and thrill every girl you meet! Be different and the life of the party in any crowd! Here's the most amazing spectacular necktie that you ever wore, a smart wrinkle-proof, tailored cravat, which at night is a thrilling sensation! It's smart, superb class by day, and just imagine in the dark it seems like a necktie of compelling allure sheer magic! Like a miracle of light there comes a pulsing, glowing question—WILL YOU KISS ME IN THE DARK, BABY? Think of the surprise, the awe you will cause! There's no trick, no hidden batteries, no switches or foolish horseplay, but a thing of loveliness as the question emerges gradually to life, touched by the wand of darkness, and your girl will gasp with wonder as it takes form so amazingly. It's new, utterly different, a Hollywood riot wherever you go. And here's wonderful news! You can see, examine this glorious tie yourself without risk... just mail the coupon!

## SEND NO MONEY!

Examine... Let It Thrill You... ON THIS FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Don't confuse this magnificent necktie with any ordinary novelty tie, for it's high class, distinctive, ties up perfectly, and you'll wear it with pride. Its color combination is specially created and so original that you actually can wear it tastefully with any suit. It's wrinkle-proof, beautifully fashioned. You might expect to pay \$2.00 or even \$3.00 for this cravat just for daytime wear. But now, if you act quick, under this special INTRODUCTORY OFFER, you will have this marvelous, breath-taking GLOW IN THE DARK sensation for only \$1.49! That's all, just \$1.49, a bargain in quality, and a million dollars worth of fun at any party, or in any crowd, an aid to love! Send no money, here's all you do. Mail coupon with your name and address. On arrival of your GLOWING KISS ME NECKTIE, you simply pay postman \$1.49, plus postage. (If money comes with order, we pay postage.) Then examine. See how it excites and thrills. And, if you are not delighted, if you are not eager to wear it, just return it for your money back promptly. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then act at once. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now!

## MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.

215 N Michigan Ave., Dept. 312-K, Chicago 1, Illinois

Rush me my KISS ME NECKTIE that glows in the dark. I will pay postman \$1.49 plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for \$4.22, check here ☐

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

A  
SMART  
TIE BY DAY



IT'S NOVEL,  
DIFFERENT  
BARRELS  
OF FUN!

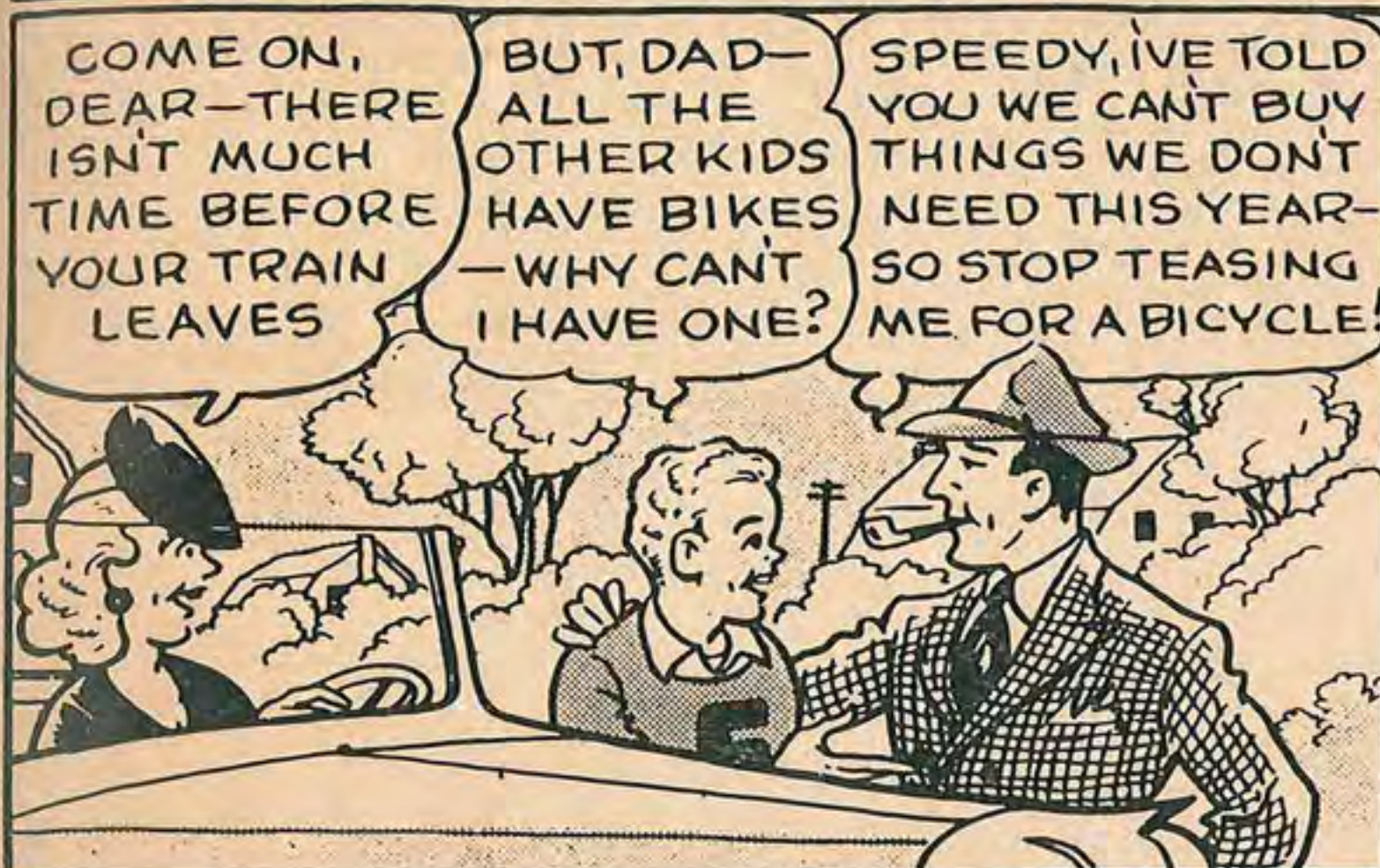
AT  
NIGHT  
A MAGIC  
TIE





# SPEEDY WHEELER

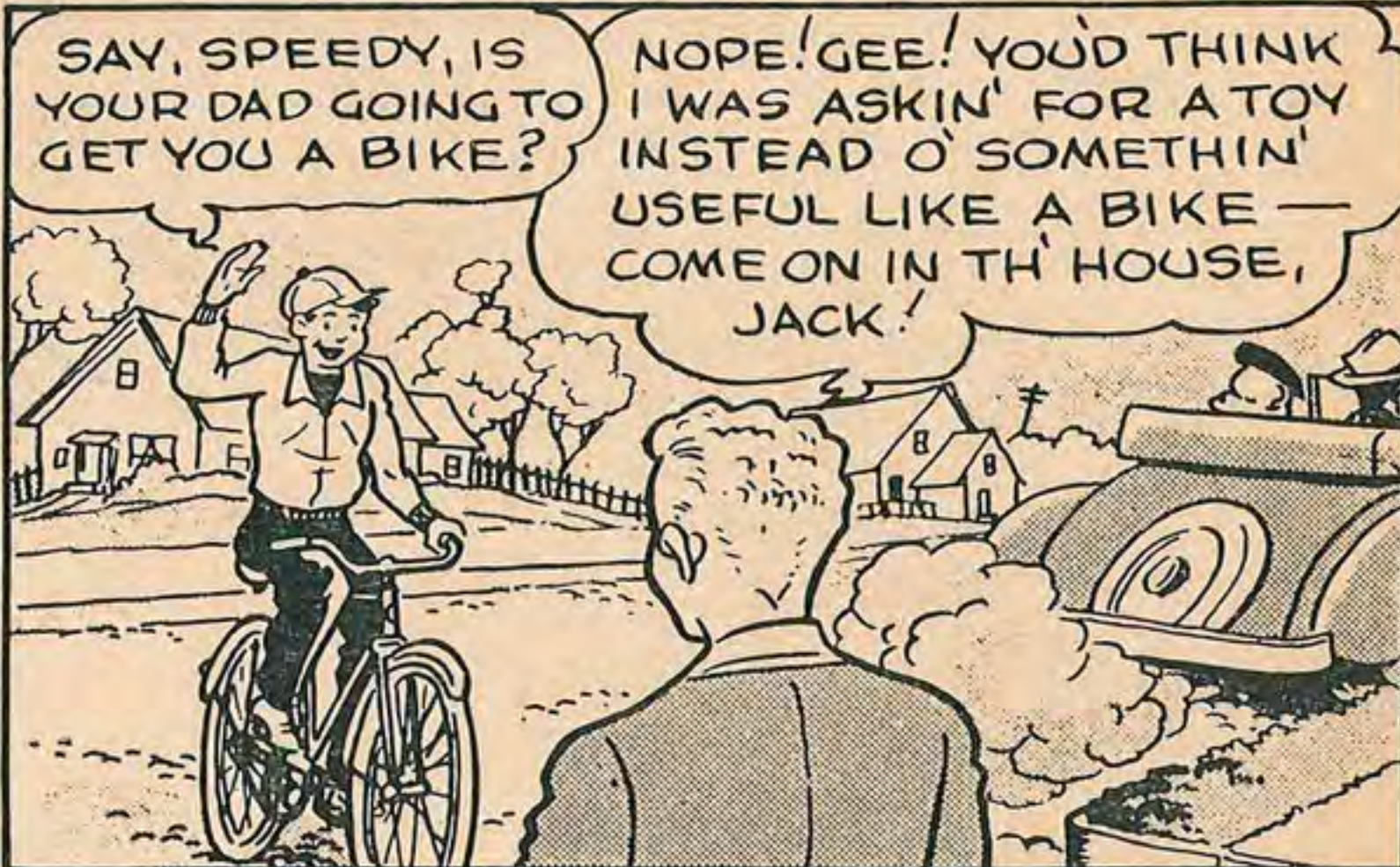
SAVES THE DAY  
AND  
WINS A BIKE



COME ON, DEAR—THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME BEFORE YOUR TRAIN LEAVES

BUT, DAD—ALL THE OTHER KIDS HAVE BIKES—WHY CAN'T I HAVE ONE?

SPEEDY, I'VE TOLD YOU WE CAN'T BUY THINGS WE DON'T NEED THIS YEAR—SO STOP TEASING ME FOR A BICYCLE!



SAY, SPEEDY, IS YOUR DAD GOING TO GET YOU A BIKE?

NOPE! GEE! YOU'D THINK I WAS ASKIN' FOR A TOY INSTEAD O' SOMETHIN' USEFUL LIKE A BIKE—COME ON IN TH' HOUSE, JACK!



MOM SAYS SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT SHE'D DO WITHOUT ME AN' MY BIKE TO RUN ERRANDS FOR HER

HEY! JACK, LOOK! DAD FORGOT HIS BRIEF CASE AN' IT HAS ALL OF HIS IMPORTANT PAPERS IN IT!



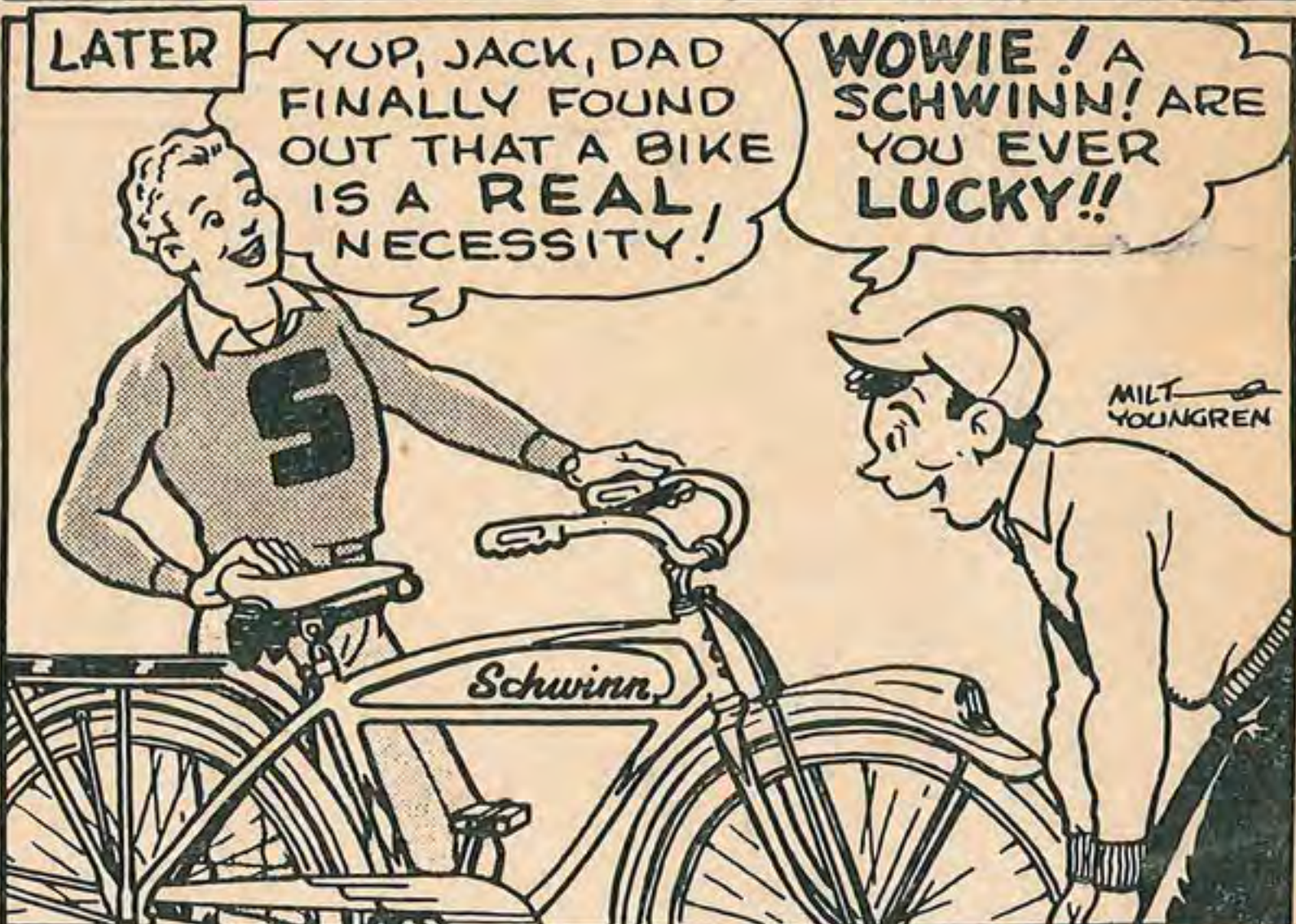
SO WHAT? YOUR MOM'LL DRIVE BACK FOR IT, WON'T SHE?

NO, THERE ISN'T TIME—JACK! LEND ME YOUR BIKE—I'LL TEAR DOWN TO TH' STATION WITH THIS!



OH, DAD! HERE'S YOUR BRIEF CASE!

BY GINGER, SPEEDY, YOU'RE OK. I'D SURE HAVE BEEN OUT OF LUCK WITHOUT THAT—IT'S LUCKY YOU COULD BORROW A BIKE AND GET IT HERE IN TIME!

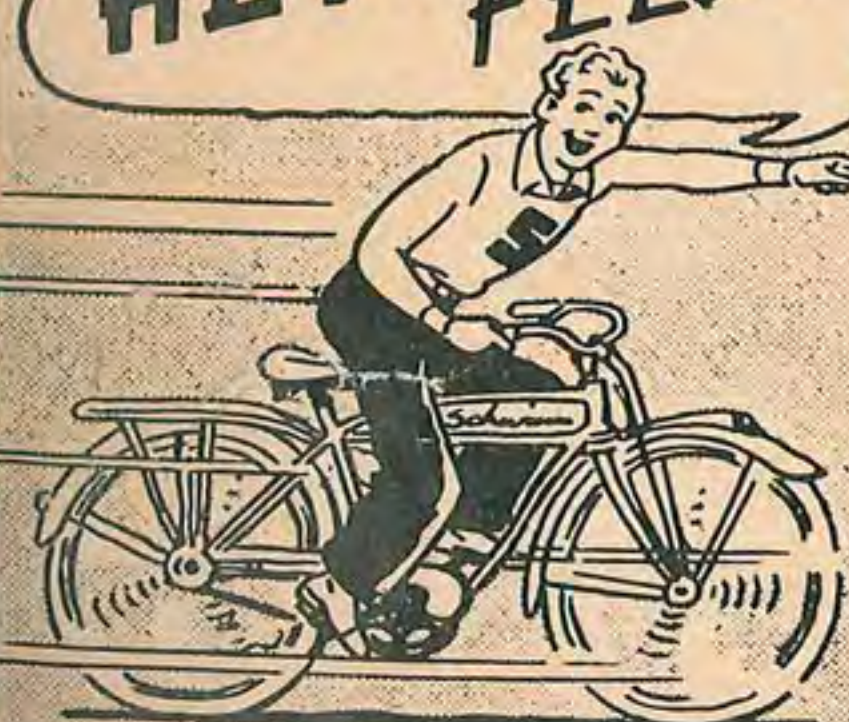


LATER

YUP, JACK, DAD FINALLY FOUND OUT THAT A BIKE IS A REAL NECESSITY!

WOWIE! A SCHWINN! ARE YOU EVER LUCKY!!

HEY! FELLOWS AND GIRLS—



GET THIS BIG, EXCITING  
MOVIE STAR-BICYCLE FOLDER  
**FREE!**

It's super! Packed with color pictures of Hollywood headliners on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles—famous for speed, safety, easy-riding. It's yours free—but supply is limited. To get your copy—mail coupon right now.

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.  
1713 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois

Please send me FREE Movie Star-Bicycle Folder

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_





... How do yuh say

# Cookies

made with



RECIPE ON EVERY WRAPPER

# Candy

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY · Producers of Fine Foods · CHICAGO 13, ILL.